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Illinois Catholic Historical Review

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Illinois Catholic Historical Review

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MARQUETTE AND JOLLIET

INTRODUCTION

The 250th anniversary year of the discovery and exploration of the Illinois country by Father James Marquette, S. J., and Louis Jolliet is drawing to a close. These two men, the first white men known to have been in what is now the State of Illinois, spent therein a considerable part of the month of August 1673.

In the language of different writers, mainly non-Catholic, various phases of the momentous journey are herein described.

The reports of the various observances of the anniversary are alluded to in more or less detail for the purpose of rounding out the record of the journey. In this particular the account is but partial, since numerous observances were held in various schools, in Councils of the Knights of Columbus and under other auspices which could not well be here recorded.

It is the purpose of this issue devoted as it is to Marquette and Jolliet, to put in permanent form the firmly established historical facts of the discovery of the Illinois country, and make these facts easily accessible. It may be noted here that until John Gilmary Shea, in the first instance, and Reuben Gold Thwaites, latterly, published the text of letters written by the early Jesuit Missionaries who labored in this region, very little was known even by scholars of the discovery, exploration and early settlement of the Mississippi Valley. Indeed, up to the time Thwaites succeeded in bringing out the monumental work entitled *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, it is believed that even the main incidents of the discovery, exploration and settlement of this region were not known to more than a

score of the residents of the State of Illinois. Now, of course, the knowledge of this extremely interesting period of our history is much more widely diffused, but we doubt if any single publication now extant tells the story as completely as does this present publication.

The present is but the first of three anniversary years of Father Marquette's connection with this region. This is the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers; next year will occur the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Father Marquette's residence in what is now Chicago, and the next year thereafter, 1925, will be the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his establishment of the Church in Mid-America.

Because of the importance of the discovery and making known the great river which was really the primary object of the undertaking it was fitting that the principal observances should occur in the region of the Mississippi. Accordingly the celebrations began at the very point where the expedition reached the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Wisconsin River and at the city which has grown up there, Prairie du Chien.

From Prairie du Chien the route of the discoverers was taken up and their journey reproduced as far as Burlington, Iowa, with appropriate ceremonies and exercises all along the route and especially notable ceremonies at Burlington. All this is detailed herein and a record of these observances together with the accurate historical narratives reproduced herewith, made possible largely by the enterprise of the publishers of *The Palimpsest*, the organ of the State Historical Society of Iowa, will stand as a memorial of the anniversary.

The duty we owe Father Marquette is not discharged in full, however. Chicago should celebrate next year the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the arrival and residence within what is now Chicago, of the first white man, the great Father of Chicago. Nor will a celebration of that event, be it ever so notable, acquit us of our obligation to the great discoverer, explorer and missionary. The establishment of the Church in Mid-America should be appropriately celebrated in 1925, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that most important event.

JOSEPH J. THOMPSON.

Chicago.

CHRONOLOGY OF FATHER MARQUETTE JOURNEYS TO THE ILLINOIS COUNTRY

As is well known, Rev. James Marquette, S. J., made two voyages to the Illinois country.

On the first one he was accompanied by Louis Jolliet and five Frenchmen in two canoes. On this voyage the party passed down the Mississippi river to the Arkansas, returned up the Mississippi to the Illinois, thence over the Illinois and Desplaines to the Chicago river, down the Chicago river to Lake Michigan and up the western shore of the lake to St. Ignace from whence the journey was begun.

On his second voyage he was accompanied by only two men, Pierre Porteret and Jacques LeCastor. On this journey he visited only two points—Chicago and the Village of the Kaskaskia Indians, located on the site of the present city of Utica. His itinerary on these voyages was as follows:¹

FIRST VOYAGE

December 8, 1762—Notified by Jolliet of his selection by Frontenac to accompany Jolliet on the voyage of discovery.

May 17, 1673—Embarked from the mission of St. Ignace at Michilimackinac (now Mackinac).

June 7, 1673—Arrived at the village of the Maskoutens near the present town of Berlin, Wisconsin, on the upper Fox river where Father Marquette found a decorated cross and where he stayed three days.

June 10—Left the Maskoutens with two guides who were Miami.

June 17—Entered the Mississippi river—the date of discovery.

June 25—Reached the Des Moines or Iowa river, preached to the Illinois tribe there present, was received with delight, banqueted, visited all of their villages and left the next day.

July 17—Started on the return voyage from the mouth of the Arkansas river.

¹ Data from Father Marquette's two accounts and account of Father Claude Dablon, Father Marquette's superior, all reproduced in Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. LIX.

August 15—On or about this date a stay of three days was made at Peoria Lake where Marquette preached the Gospel and baptized a dying infant.

August 20—On or about this date Marquette stopped at the village of the Kaskaskias and promised to return and establish a mission.

August 25—On or about this date sighted and named Mount Joliet.

September 30—Arrived at St. Ignace from whence they had started.

SECOND VOYAGE

October 25, 1674—Left the Mission of St. Francois Xavier at De Pere, Wisconsin, to return to the village of the Kaskaskia.

October 28—Arrived at the portage of Sturgeon Bay, Door County Peninsula, Wisconsin, where he stopped three days due to bad weather.

October 31—Sets out again, November 4th, delayed at Sheboygan river.

December 4—Reached the river of the portage (Chicago) where he remained seven days.

December 12—Encamped near the portage two leagues up the river and resolved to winter there.

December 15—Said the Mass of the Conception.

February 1, 1765—Began a Novena for relief from his sickness.

February 9—Relieved of his sickness.

March 30—Started from the cabin for the village of the Kaskaskias.

April 8—Arrived at the village of the Kaskaskias and spent three days preaching and exhorting in the Indian cabins.

April 11—Holy Thursday. Established the Church.

April 14—Easter Sunday. Said Mass and preached farewell. Left for his return after Easter.

May 18, 1675—Died near the present site of Ludington, Michigan.

June 8, 1677—His remains after being disinterred by a tribe of Ottawa Indians were transferred and buried in the mission chapel near Point St. Ignace at the head of East Moran Bay.

September 3, 1877—The remains were discovered by Very Reverend E. Jacker and a monument erected there.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION AT PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

There is not a little reason for satisfaction in reviewing the enthusiasm with which the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi, last June, was taken in hand and carried through. As of right, the festivities were kept at Prairie du Chien, just above the mouth of the Wisconsin River, since this was the scene of the discovery. The program occupied part of Saturday, the 16th, and all of the following day. The city of Prairie du Chien was the official sponsor of the occasion; and Prairie du Chien men and women devoted themselves to the fullest extent in making it a success. As a sketch of the event will show, however, there was unstinted co-operation from many quarters, furnishing happiest evidence that the interest in the historic commemoration was both widespread and glowing.

After the due pomp and circumstance of a street parade, Saturday noon, the throng assembled at Campion Field for the opening address by the Honorable David S. Rose, former mayor of Milwaukee. There was more than the advantage of convenience in holding many of the exercises at Campion College. It is within open view of the bluffs marking the union of the rivers; and Father Marquette's own brother-Jesuits are its faculty. It was natural that Mr. Rose should have developed his theme in close relation to so suggestive a circumstance. A ball game between the Dubuque Sox and the Lancaster Braves followed the address; and the evening had its band concert, as did the following one.

On Sunday morning a Solemn High Mass was celebrated at a field altar erected in front of Marquette Hall, Campion College. It was an impressive service, with a great throng in attendance. The Reverend A. H. Rohde, S. J., President of Campion College, was celebrant. The sermon, by the Reverend A. J. Tallmadge, S. J., arch-diocesan director of the Holy Name Society, Milwaukee, was an appropriate application of the spiritual principles of Father Marquette to our living needs.

The afternoon program took place on the grounds of St. Mary's College—a beautiful location and the best adapted in town for the multitude (newspapers reported from eight to twelve thousand) who came to hear and to see. The chairman first read a letter from President Harding expressing intimate personal interest in the his-

toric significance of the day, and briefer letters of regret from the Governors of Illinois and Minnesota, on their inability to attend. The State Historical Society was then represented by Judge Franz Eschweiler of the Supreme Court, who read an address of much dignity. The Reverend Albert C. Fox, S. J., President of Marquette University, in thoroughly stirring periods, developed living proof from the very occasion in hand that the American spirit is not a materialistic spirit. Senator Horchem of Iowa, representing Governor Kendall, added tribute to the co-discoverers' fame by setting forth the natural resources of the country they opened to white immigration. The final address was that of Governor Blaine who made immediate contact with the interest of the throng on four sides of him, and throughout a sustained discourse, historical and interpretative, despite a fervent summer sun, kept his audience intent. The Governor's presence would have won appreciation in any case. The vivacity and frequent special felicity of his address commanded redoubled gratitude.

The Pageant of the Father of Waters, which followed the speeches, deserves a story of its own. Here it must suffice to say that no celebration could have been other than a decided success with this one feature to support it. Some six hundred people participated in the episodes, historic and allegorical. Costuming, singing and dancing, in the midst of a lovely natural setting, were factors of a graceful delight that left happy record in the memory. The writer and director of the Pageant, Miss Cora Frances Desmond of La Crosse, is entitled to all possible credit for her talent and for her intrepid zeal; and a special portion of the praise due the performers belongs to those who accompanied her from La Crosse.

The last event of the celebration had its own unique value—the unveiling of a granite memorial of the discovery, on the heights of the Nelson Dewey State Park, immediately overlooking the mouth of the Wisconsin. Addresses by the Rev. A. H. Rohde, S. J., President of Campion College, and other members of the Executive Committee, accompanied this ceremony, which took place about seven o'clock, Sunday evening—close to the very hour, it is said, of the explorers' arrival. The newly erected slab bears witness to all comers of the notableness of the scene before them: "At the foot of this eminence," runs the inscription, "Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet entered the Mississippi River, June 17, 1673"; and in smaller characters, "Erected by the Knights of Columbus, June 17, 1923."

The observance above described was one of the most notable of public exercises in recent years. The outstanding feature of the program was the pageant play, "The Father of Waters," enacted on



REV. JACQUES MARQUETTE, S. J.

(The only likeness of Father Marquette for which any claim of authenticity has been made. See Thwaites, *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. LXX).

St. Mary's College grounds, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, through the following organization:

Personnel of Directors—Master of Pageant, Cora Frances Desmond.

Organization—Director of Groups, Mrs. James Devereaux; Chief Marshal, Herman Craig; Director of Band, Harvey Haltmeyer; Accompanists, Miss Elizabeth George of LaCrosse and Miss Willa Cherrier; Dance Director, Miss Calverna Lince, LaCrosse; Chorus Chairmen, H. V. Day, Joe Kopan.

Committees—Children: Mrs. Anthony Gleason, Mrs. Arthur Lawless, Mrs. Frank Voth, Mrs. E. C. Amann and Mrs. Cherrier; Costumes: Kaiser & Son; Flowers: St. Vincent de Paul Society, Catholic Women's Club; Grounds: Mr. Arthur McCloskey.

The play was outlined as follows:

Father of Waters, Part I, Overture, Heralds—(1) Hear ye, hear ye, all ye people and attend to the pageant of "The Father of Waters," Arthur Lawless; (2) Here shall be unfolded the story of the discovery of the Mississippi River, A. W. Thompson; (3) Here shall be unfolded the story of Prairie du Chien's part in the history of Wisconsin, Arthur Fagan; (4) Here shall be revealed the power of religion, Walter Schultz.

Episode I, Scene I; The Old World: The Court of France, 1602—King of France, Dr. F. J. Antoine; Queen of France, Mrs. Thos. Bergen; Samuel de Champlain, James Devereaux; Pages, Thomas Bergen, Frederick Grelle, Robert Pendleton, George Lengst; Courtiers, Misses Ruth McCloskey, Josephine Wall, Mary Wall, Sallie Schultz, Mesdames F. Pohler, H. H. C. Kast, Chas. Armstrong, Galligan, Henry Seipp, J. H. Widmann, Sr., Chas. McGee, A. A. Watzke, M. Lenehan, Fred Schrader, F. Rowley, W. R. Graves; Messrs. Joe Kopan, Don Keller, Bob Armstrong, Henry Vanek, Chas. Crowley, Bob Crowley, Thos. Haupt, Francis Corken, Wallace Bronson, Harvey Bronson, Albert O'Neil, Harvey Doerring, Theodore Kraegel, F. Gander, Ed Martner, J. Doran and L. Cherrier.

Scene II—The New World: The Spirit of America, Miss Inez Crowley; Fairies, Evalyn McClure, Agnes Derusha, Leon LaBonne, Annabell Crowley, Louise Thomas, Lowell Evans, Bernadine Joy, Dorothy Evans, Veronica Chabela and Margaret McClure.

Interlude I.—The Indian's Prayer, Fred Hankerson, LaCrosse.

Episode II—The Indian's Reveries; Father Time enters followed by groups representing minutes, hours, days, seasons, and some of nature's forces: Sprites, butterflies, and bunnies. Father Time, Dr. R. W. Fallis; Pages, Rose Mary Kingston, Jack Schweiger; Minutes, Edna Feeney, Margaret Curran, Ann Silbersmidt, Ursula Corken; Hours, Rosemary Feeney, Marion Evans, Ruth Bergen, Helen Feeney, Hazel Stram, Marcella Bergen; Days, George Nauret, Alberta Belrichard, Uda Steiner, Mildred Scherlin, Lisetta Graves, Luella Kuchenbecker; Spring, Thelma Valley, Marguerite Voth, Goldie Goldberg, Dora Goldberg, Marie Fleeman, Mary Lawless, Wilhelmina Miller, Joseph Valley, Edward McClure, Beatrice Gilbertson, Luella Allen, Marie Doser, Marie DesRocher, Carrie Giesler, Leonard Chabela, Charlotte Young, Metta Valant, Lucille Hagene, Anna Lucy Hoffman, Catherine DeMuth; Solo Dancer, Margaret Gautenbein, LaCrosse; Chairman, Miss Curran; Sprites—Lucille Reed, Grace Martner, Florence Pinkerton; Summer, Albert LaBonne, David Graves, Harold Young, Harold White, Gladys Kasperek, Jimmie Cornford, Emma Kalina, Leona Mara, Dorothy Stram,

Dorothy Valley, Marie Cardine, Violet Young, Francis DuCharme, Julia Blazek, Jane Hoffman, Ona Steiner, Virginia Cornford, May Ziel, Freddie Pohlman; Dancers, Margaret Gautenbein, Jane Orton, Dorothy Kroner and Katherine Wolfe; Butterflies, Caroline Zach, Marie Zlazek, Josephine Tench, Ellen Long, Catherine Rod, Celia Mara; Dancers, Margaret Gautenbein, Jane Orton, Dorothy Kroner and Katherine Wolfe; Autumn, Joe Hess, Arthur Henry, Frederick Barney, Kenneth Smith, Carl Gaulke, Anita Allen, Grace Meyer, Margaret Valley, Margaret Dorsey, Lillian White, Betty Hoffman, Marguerite Lawless, Dorothy Gokey, Elaine Schweiger, Marie Mara, Dorothy Sime, Florence Koniehek, Catherine Rod, Bessie Nicholson, Dorothy Bender, Caroline Zach, Marie Blazek, Helen Stevens, Josephine Finch, Ellen Long, Fern Hoppe, Louise DuCharme, Helen DesRocher; Bunnies, Miss Quilligan, chairman; One Wainwright, Lorraine Mueller, Irene Hildebrand, Dorothy Herold, Dorothy Noble, Margaret Davenport, William Allen, Paul Amann, James Wiswall, Franklin Shaub, Clayton Barney, Louis Maxwell; Dancers, Jane Orton and Katherine Wolfe; Winter, Miss Cherrier, chairman; Clarence Yonke, Warren Shawley, Joseph Goldberg, Lyle Belrichard, Peter Valley, Gerald Phillips, Rose Geisler, Margaret Feeney, Jean Antoine, Adeline DeMuth, Irene Schmidt, Thelma Gremore, Nellie Lariviere, Naomi McClure, Margaret Berry, Catherine Dorsey, Pearl White, Rose Sebastian, Fey Allen, Jennie Goldberg, Florence Jacobs, Naida Miller, Margaret Pintz, Myrtle Koniehek, Clara Vladika, Gladys Ray, Catherine Emmons, Julia Paris, Adaline Ricks, Anna Tippman, Clara Spiker. (Suits made by Lady Foresters.)

Interlude II—The Coming of the White Men, Roscoe Hayes, chairman; Leighton Tichenor, Carl Schrader, Lyman Howe, Bert Haupt, Gordon Keiser.

Episode III—Tableau, The Discovery of the Mississippi, combined chorus.

Interlude III—The Indian's Vision.

Episode IV—The Establishment of the Cross in America. Indian chief, Kermit Engebretson; Father Marquette, Lawrence Naegle, LaCrosse; Joliet, Milton Stoen, LaCrosse; Frenchmen, Edw. Conway and August Grams, LaCrosse; Indians, Mrs. Simones, soloist; Miss Cora Desmond, LaCrosse; Mrs. M. G. Ryan, Mrs. Walter Schweiger, Mrs. Niles Higgins, Miss Hannah Flannigan, George Howe, soloist, LaCrosse; Bernard Volz, LaCrosse; John Walters, LaCrosse; Joe Borchert, LaCrosse; Dudley Emmert, LaCrosse; Julius Roth, LaCrosse; Frank Hickisch, LaCrosse; John Horrihan, LaCrosse; Julius Kevin, LaCrosse; John Kevin, LaCrosse; Robert Harrier, LaCrosse; William Birnbaum, LaCrosse; Lawrence Lanka, Francis Antoine, Charles Amann, Mark Gallagan, Gregory Corken, John Corken, John Dunne, Jackie Pohlman. Incidents: 1, The Corn Dance; 2, Arrow Dance, Mildred Olson, LaCrosse; 3, Lover's Song, Mrs. Leo Simones, LaCrosse; 4, Scout's Warning, Julius Roth, LaCrosse; 5, Chief's Call; 6, War Song, George Howe, LaCrosse; 7, Meeting of Strangers; 8, Pipe of Peace; 9, Exchange of Blessings; 10, Christianity Shows its Power.

Part II—McGregor Quartet. Symbolic Dance, The Spirit of the Mississippi, Mary Borchert, LaCrosse.

Episode I—Outstanding features in the life of Prairie du Chien. 1, Captain Carver, 1766, Joe Kopan; 2, Trading Post, traders, Joe Dunne, Leo Gallagan, N. Sadler L. Grelle, L. DuCharme; 3, Passing of Fleur de Lis, raising the Union Jack; 4, Unfolding of Stars and Stripes, American Legion, National Guards; 5, Surrender of Red Bird, Robert Harrier, LaCrosse; 6, Black Hawk, 1825, Bernard Volz, LaCrosse; 7, Treaty at Fort Crawford, 1823; 8, Fox Chief "Chien," Joseph Borchert, LaCrosse; Jeff Davis, Edward Grele; Mrs. Jeff Davis,

Rose Wall; 9, Wisconsin enters the Union, Wisconsin, Helen McCloskey; attendants, Fern Noggle, Robert Evans; soloist, Miss MacDonald, West Salem.

Interlude I—Symbolic Dance of Progress, Maud Jarvis, LaCrosse.

Episode II—Pageant processional of: (1) Wisconsin Industries, Traders and Hunters, Fishing, Farmers, Dairyemen, Lumbering, Woolen Mills, Ice Cream, Buttons, Tool Co., Electric Light, Telephone, Canning, Cigars, Printing, Concrete Products, Sanitariums, Banking, Clothiers, Shoes, Barbers, Jewelers, Dry Goods, Druggists, Bakers, Garages, Painters, Coal and Storage, Good Roads, Lawrence Grelle, chairman; (2) Grown Interests; Ruth McCloskey, chairman; Josephine Wall. I, Justice, Pearl DuCharme; attendants, Louise Martell, Julia Shaufenbiel; II, Liberty, Margaret Vavruska; attendants, Alice Goodman, Irene Valant; III, Brotherly Love, Marie DuCharme; attendants, Elizabeth Lawless, Eva Price; IV, Protection, G. A. R. Veterans, members of American Legion, Fire Chief Mellinger and members of City Fire Department; page, Weston Day; V, Education, Robert Johnson, Harry McCloskey, Clarence Ziel; VI, Religion, Rose Burrell; attendants, Margaret Garrity, Regina Sletmark, Irene Granzow, Alice Fitsche; VII, Good Citizenship, Jack Polodna, Pauline Herold, group of citizens; VIII, Preservation of the Forests. Trees: Eleanore Merold; Agnes DeMuth, Gladys Rider, Mary Eleanore Berry, Marilla Campbell, Rose Henry, Oral Goff, Mabel Gaulke, Lela Spiker; flowers, Marie Slama, Lillian Honzel, Leota Pohlman, Albina Bouzek, Mildred Kasparek, Albina Polodna, Bernice Lanke, Blanka Strnad, Helen Kovanda; butterflies, Marie Blazek, Celia Mara, Ellen Long, Josephine Tench, Caroline Zach, Fern Hoppe, Bessie Nicholson, Kathryn Rod; birds, Ella Pellock, Marie Polodna, Marie Korish, Dorothy Lechnir; bumblebees, James Paris, Willard Reed; IX, Red Cross, Ruth Wachter, Lela Wetzel; X, Art, Florence Mulheim; attendant, Leone Yonke; XI, Recreation. Pages, Jane McLenchan, Eleanor Ziel, Dorothy Zil; XII, Faith, Florence Biehl; attendants, Alice McCloskey, Helen Corken, Caroline Bergen; XIII, Hope, Aileen Stabin; attendants, Leone O'Neil, Anna Prybil, Mabel Kearns; XIV, Charity, Christina Vavruska; attendants, Alby Prybil, Retha Seipp, Kathleen McNamara; XV, Camp Fire Girls, Mrs. W. R. Graves, Mrs. Art Steinberg, Miss Mabel Poehler, Mrs. Roy Thomas, Miss Jeanette DuCharme; (3) Nationalities, chairman, Mrs. Griesbach; dancer, J. H. Ready.

Interlude II—Symbolic dance of America, Margaret Gautenbein, Katherine Wolfe, Dorothy Kroner, Mildred Olson, Jane Orton.

Close—Spirit of Wisconsin reviews the trail of Father Marquette in the State of Wisconsin.

A. H. R.

Prairie du Chien.

THE REDISCOVERY OF IOWA

During the eleven days from the seventeenth to the twenty-seventh of June, there occurred one of the most significant episodes in the recent history of Iowa—the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the exploration of the Mississippi River by Louis Joliet and Father Marquette. The central feature of the event was a replica voyage from the mouth of the Wisconsin River to Montrose—a continuous pageant lasting ten days, extending over a stage two hundred and fifty miles long, and witnessed by great numbers of people in audiences sometimes of thousands and again composed of only a few uncomprehending clam muckers. At the end of the trip the visit of the Frenchmen to an Indian village in Iowa two centuries and a half ago was reenacted, and the commemoration of the coming of the first white men was made the occasion for observing other events in the early history of this Commonwealth.

The significance of the celebration, however, lies not so much in the length of the replica voyage, the size of the pageants, or the cost of the whole enterprise as it does in the spontaneity with which the project began and the wide-spread interest it aroused. The whole affair was the work of the "history fans" of Iowa, inspired by Ben Hur Wilson of Mount Pleasant, who sells insurance for a living and studies local history for pleasure. Wherever the proposed celebration was mentioned the community eagerly responded. Before the end of May cities and clubs were vying for a place on the program, so that it became a problem to accommodate all who wished to share in the observance of Iowa's oldest anniversary. For every task there were ready and willing hands. Finances took care of themselves. No individual, city, society, organization, or group dominated the celebration: it was thoroughly democratic—the culmination of a common impulse.

Scarcely less impressive is the unusual interest in Iowa history that the event engendered. To many people who had never heard of Father Marquette or his picturesque companion, Sieur Joliet, those names are now familiar. For some, the "Black-Robe chief, the Prophet" in Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* has become real and the poem has a new significance, for Father Marquette was that Black-Robe. Busy public officials, matter-of-fact business men, and energetic club women have haunted the libraries to learn of the adventurous Frenchmen who explored the Great Lakes and came into the

Mississippi Valley seeking the Chinese Empire and a way to the sea. Newspapers have printed hundreds of columns concerning Joliet and Marquette and the recent reincarnation of those forgotten times. Far and wide people of every station in life have learned of the discovery of Iowa, have caught a glimpse of the great valley as it was when the white men found it. The story has become common knowledge: the people of Iowa have come into a part of their rich heritage of the past.

The celebration of an event that occurred in Iowa two and a half centuries ago has gone more than anything else to teach the people of this State that Iowa has a past—a past venerable in years and full of romance. The realm of Iowa history is broad and many fertile fields remain as yet uncultivated, their resources undeveloped and their potentiality unknown. There are more lessons to follow.

THE SPIRIT OF IOWA

Iowa has many distinctive characteristics—thrift, contentment, homogeneity, literacy, wealth—but one of the finest of all is Commonwealth consciousness. Perhaps it is the sum of them all. It is founded not upon climate or class or creed, but upon an all-pervading community of interests. Less than a year ago a cynical and superficial critic wrote that no one had yet been able “to rouse this people to a participation in any creative expression of the commonwealth” and concluded, “Seldom has a people been less interested in spiritual self-expression and more concerned with hog nutrition.” To such a libel the recent memorial celebration is the answer. It was the true expression of the spirit of Iowa—a spontaneous, whole-hearted, unselfish response to a worthy enterprise.

In the years to come there will be many occasions for the recognition of important events, noble achievements, and glorious days in the history of this Commonwealth. Let there be similar demonstrations of the spirit of Iowa in the future. Let us maintain respect for our own institutions, let us write and read the story of our own State, let us compose our own music and create our own art, that the democracy of our fathers, the romance of our history, and the character of our prairies may live in the hearts of our people and find expression in the perpetuation of our native traits.

J. E. B.

THE DISCOVERY OF IOWA

On the seventeenth of June, 1923, two men stood on the heights above McGregor, Iowa, and gazed upon the panorama of river and tree-clad islands below, and sweep of Wisconsin farm land in the distance. One wore the long black cassock, the cincture, the crucifix, and the shovel-board hat of a Jesuit missionary of the seventeenth century, while the other was clad in the fringed coat, trousers, and moccasins of a *coureur de bois* of New France. Both were Iowa men—one impersonating the brave but gentle Father Jacques Marquette, the other enacting the rôle of the intrepid and skilled Louis Joliet—who, with boatmen five, newspaper representatives, and cameramen, were that afternoon about to start on a two hundred and fifty mile replica voyage in commemoration of the discovery of Iowa.

Far below them a ferry boat churned its way up the channel toward the pontoon railroad bridge. Horseshoe Island, with its graceful curves and luxuriant foliage, presented a bit of nature's landscape gardening. Across the Mississippi, framed in a setting of green-topped hills and bluffs that merged into soft blue haze in the distance, lay the quaint old French town of Prairie du Chien. Above the trees to the southeast loomed the towers of Campion College. Farther north gleamed the limestone ruins of Old Fort Crawford above which the Stars and Stripes were proudly waving, a reminder of the importance of this frontier post in the days of the fur traders. The spacious buildings and lawns of St. Mary's College were visible on a gently sloping hillside, where amid a riot of color, Wisconsin citizens were celebrating the discovery of the Mississippi with a pageant, "The Father of Waters."

Some four miles below, the gentle current of the Wisconsin River disembodyed into the swifter flowing Mississippi almost opposite the bold promontory now called Pike's Hill. It was there, two hundred and fifty years ago, that "we safely entered the Mississippi on the 17th of June, with a joy that I cannot express", wrote Father Marquette. On the seventeenth of June, 1923, the replica *voyageurs* floated out upon the choppy surface of the mighty river, not perhaps with joy but with wonder at the magnificence of the view. The mountainous range of bluffs dominated by Pike's Hill overshadowed the river on the west, while scallops of green-clad hills with layers of outcropping limestone framed the scene on the east, back of the flood plain along the shore.

Turning downstream, the explorers of 1923 beheld new features at every bend of the river. New scenic delights greeted them on every hand, much as the view must have charmed the adventurers of two and a half centuries ago. Islands, willow fringed and crowned with cottonwoods, maples, and elms, appeared; the river widened and the sun dipped in a blaze of color behind the western hills. Then came modern touches of life and action. A lumbering freight train thundered along the base of the cliffs and the engineer whistled a noisy greeting. Clam muckers watched the symbolical voyage pass by, amazement pictured on their faces. Passengers on an upstream packet waved handkerchiefs and shouted salutations. Twilight settled down and yellow gleams atop the light boards along the shore marked the course of the channel. Guttenberg appeared off the starboard bow and two paleface braves in Indian garb put out in a canoe from shore bearing a message of welcome and an invitation to spend the night as guests of the town.

How different must have been the first night passed by the seven Frenchmen along the Iowa shore two hundred and fifty years ago! Then, as the golden sun sank to rest behind the bluffs and twilight fell, they pushed the prows of their two birch-bark canoes ashore. Stretching their cramped limbs they prepared to do their simple cooking. A tiny campfire was built with dry driftwood and in the glowing embers they cooked their frugal meal of Indian corn and smoked meat. Perhaps a fish caught on a towline added a supply of tasty food. Father Marquette invoked a blessing, and they all ate heartily after the day of paddling and the thrill of a great achievement. A short rest, a pipeful of fragrant tobacco, and then the boatmen extinguished the red coals of their dying campfire and again launching their canoes, the party floated a few miles farther on to spend the night. When darkness spread its sable robes over the river they anchored at some distance from the shore, and a boatman watched while the others slept.

At sunrise they were on their way. Once a huge fish struck Marquette's canoe with such violence that the frail craft was nearly overturned. The great sturgeon which "rushed through the water like hungry sharks" excited their admiration and the curious paddle fish aroused their wonder. Herds of deer and buffalo were seen and wild turkeys made a welcome addition to their meager food supply, but no sign of human habitation met their searching gaze. They seemed to be alone on the long sweeps of the broad Mississippi with its changing kaleidoscope of wooded islands and sand bars, its tree-covered

bluffs and open spaces alternating along the banks, and its wide surface, now smooth as glass, now churned to white-capped angry waves by a stiff south wind. Every night, however, they took precautions against a surprise attack. Thus they journeyed along the eastern shore of the Iowa land during that eventful month of June, 1673.

The river then flowed untrammelled to the sea, but the *voyageurs* of 1923 saw on every hand the attempts of man to subdue the spirit of the Mississippi and to control its moods. Wing dams made of woven willows weighted down by limestone rocks directed the current into the channel. Government dredges and snag boats puffed upstream pushing barges piled high with willows. Dingy steamboats nosed along barges heavily loaded with sand and rock repairs for the levees. Red buoys and black buoys slowly bobbing in the water and light boards and diamond boards at intervals along the shore made modern navigation easy.

An excursion boat, gleaming white in the glaring sun, appeared around an island downstream and, with black smoke pouring from the twin stacks, it approached and passed on the port side, following the deepest part of the channel. The high swells made by its large stern paddle wheel tossed the small canoes of the replica explorers like chips. Spray from the plunging bows dashed over the broatmen, drenching their costumes and glistening on the fringed coat of Joliet and the black robe of Marquette.

A herd of cattle standing knee deep in the water far out on a sand bar took the place of the buffalo and deer that were seen by the original explorers. A sail boat manned by a sunburnt, barefoot boy dashed athwart the bow of the accompanying launch and careened at a dangerous angle as he doubled back to watch the flotilla pass. He yelled and waved, and his companion, a fox terrier, barked excitedly. Fishermen in motor dories trailed their lines and waved a salute in passing. Sandy bathing beaches and summer cottages with pleasant names—Woodside, Chalet, Three Elms, and Idlewild—suggested cool retreats from the scorching heat. A cluster of houseboats with drying reels and fish racks marked the approach to a city. Then in the distance appeared the graceful outline of a high-arched traffic bridge and the squat, rugged framework of a railroad bridge—signals for the readjustment of wigs and the refashioning of French beards. A scheduled stop lay just ahead.

No such sights greeted the original *voyageurs*. Not a canoe, not a hut or tepee, not a single sign of human life did they desery for eight days. Finally on the twenty-fifth of June, 1673, as the explor-



MARQUETTE, JOLLIET AND PARTY ON MEMORABLE JOURNEY

(After a painting by Cameron owned by the City of Chicago and displayed in the Finance Committee room. Photo by courtesy of C. W. Kallal, City Architect).

ing party drifted along the Iowa shore, one of the group noticed footprints on the sandy beach near the water's edge. Quickly the canoes were beached and the two leaders, unarmed, started out to follow the marks in the sand, leaving their five companions to guard the supplies. It was a bold action for the explorer and the missionary, for neither knew what dangers lurked at the end of the narrow, somewhat beaten path which led up the bank to the prairie.

Silently following the slender trail for about two leagues—five or six miles—they beheld an Indian village on the bank of a river and two others on a hill about a mile from the first. Here the two Frenchmen commended themselves to God, imploring His aid, and then cautiously approached without being noticed until they could hear the Indians talking.

On that quiet day in June the beauty of early summer had settled upon the Mississippi Valley. The streets of the Indian villages were quiet, smoke curled slowly above the lodges, and the murmur of voices drifted through the open doorways. Inside, Indian women pounded corn into meal in heavy bowls while the braves lolled at ease on the blankets or mended bows and smoked long-stemmed pipes. Blinking papooses, brown bundles of stolid indifference or squalling animation, leaned in cradle-boards against the walls.

Suddenly the village was startled into life. A loud shout from the strangers announced their approach. The two messengers from France stopped to watch the effect. In a moment the villagers swarmed out into the sunlight, pipes were tossed aside, broken bows were forgotten, and the women ceased their work to rush about in wild excitement. As quickly as it began the tumult quieted. Someone had recognized the strangers as Frenchmen and friends; someone in the village, doubtless, knew whence the visitors came; someone, perhaps, had seen the energetic fur traders and the black-robed priests on the shore of Lake Superior or beside the waters of Green Bay.

Four old men stepped out of the crowd and advanced toward the strangers. Slowly they walked, two of them holding aloft in the bright sunlight finely ornamented tobacco pipes adorned with multi-colored feathers. Not a word did they speak as with solemn tread they slowly covered the distance between the village and the white men. Finally, as they drew near, they stopped and gazed attentively, yet with respect, at the visitors. Thereupon, Father Marquette, assured that the solemn approach of the four old men was meant as a courteous welcome, asked in Indian dialect, "Who are you?"

“We are Illinois”, the old men answered, and as a token of peace they offered the strangers the calumets to smoke, and invited them to enter the village.

Together the four Indians and their guests approached the cluster of lodges where the Indians awaited them impatiently. At the door of one of the huts stood an old man, with his hands extended toward the sun. As the group drew near the old man spoke, “How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us! All our village awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace.”

Then he bade them enter his lodge where a crowd of savages looked upon the visitors in curious yet respectful silence. From time to time in a low voice came the words, “How good it is, my brothers, that you should visit us.” Again the pipe of peace was passed, first to the strangers and then to the elders. During this ceremony of friendship a messenger arrived bearing an invitation from the great chief of all the Illinois to proceed to his village for a council.

Thither they set out, the black-gown and the explorer and the elders accompanied by a great crowd of Indian braves, squaws, and children. The unusual sight of two Frenchmen in their village attracted all of the Indians. Some lay in the grass along the path and watched the procession pass, others ran on ahead and then retracted their steps in order to see the strangers again. Yet all this was done noiselessly and with great awe of the white men.

When the procession reached the village of the big chief he was beheld standing at the entrance of his lodge between two old men. All three stood erect and naked, holding their calumets high toward the glowing sun. The chief welcomed the party and drew them within his cabin. Again they smoked the calumet in silence, and the Indians awaited the message of the white men. Father Marquette spoke first and, following the custom with the Indians, gave them four presents, each the token of a message.

With the first he told them that he, Jacques Marquette, a priest of the Jesuit Order, and his companion, Louis Joliet, were journeying peacefully to visit the tribes dwelling on the river as far as the sea. With the second token he announced that God, who had created them, had pity on them and, wishing to make Himself known to all people, had sent the priest for that purpose. Then he gave them a third present saying that the great chief of the French had subdued the Iroquois and had restored peace everywhere. Finally, with the fourth gift, he begged the Illinois to give him and his companion all the in-

formation they had about the sea and the nations through whose land they must pass to reach it.

When the black-gown finished speaking the chief arose, and resting his hand upon the head of a little Indian boy, a captive slave, he spake thus, "I thank thee, Black-gown, and thee, O Frenchman, for having taken so much trouble to come to visit us. Never has the earth been so beautiful or the sun so bright as today. Never has our river been so calm or so free from rocks, which thy canoes have removed in passing. Never has our tobacco tasted so good or our corn appeared so fine as we now see it. Here is my son whom I give thee to show thee my heart. I beg thee to have pity on me, and on all my nation. It is thou who knowest the great Spirit who has made us all. It is thou who speakest to Him, and who hearest His word. Beg Him to give me life and health, and to come to dwell with us, in order to make us know Him."

Then the chief placed the captive Indian boy near the visitors and gave them a second present, a long-stemmed calumet, elaborately carved and decorated with feathers signifying peace. It was to be a talisman for the rest of the journey. With a third present he begged the visitors on behalf of his nation to go no farther on account of the dangers that lay ahead. Marquette replied that he feared not death and regarded no happiness greater than that of losing his life for the glory of Him who had made them all. This sentiment amazed all the Indians, but they made no reply and the council ended.

A feast followed. During the progress of the council Indian women had hurried to prepare a meal worthy of the occasion. Young girls now brought into the lodge the food which the squaws had made ready. The first course was sagamité—Indian corn meal boiled in water and seasoned with fat. An Indian, acting as master of ceremonies, filled a spoon and presented it several times to the mouths of the visitors as if they were children. Then the maidens brought fresh from the fire a second platter on which lay three smoking fish. The same Indian took some pieces of this, removed the bones and, after blowing upon the morsels to cool them, placed the fish in the mouths of the Frenchmen as he had fed them the sagamité. For the third course they brought a large dog freshly killed and roasted for the occasion, but when they learned that their guests did not eat that delicacy, it was removed. The fourth course was roast buffalo meat, the fattest and choicest morsels of which were given the priest and his companion.

When the feast ended the hosts conducted the Frenchmen through the entire village consisting of fully three hundred lodges. During this tour an orator harangued the people to see the visitors without annoying them. Everywhere the natives presented their new friends with gifts—belts, garters, and bracelets made of hair dyed red, yellow, and gray. When nightfall came the explorers slept in the cabin of the chief as his honored guests.

On the afternoon of the next day Marquette and Joliet took leave of the chief promising to pass his village again within four moons. They retraced their steps along the trail to the Mississippi, courteously accompanied by nearly six hundred Indians. On the Iowa bank of the Father of Waters the Indians watched the white men settle themselves in their canoes, taking with them the Indian slave boy who was destined to share their adventures in the Great Valley. The sun was midway down the sky when they shoved off from the shore and slowly paddled downstream amid the shouts of the Indians in manifestation of their joy at the visit of the gallant strangers.

Thus ended the first visit of white men to Iowa. Two hundred and fifty years later the replica *voyageurs* encountered much the same hospitality, friendliness, and kindly interest that the original travelers met when they visited the Illinois Indians. Hundreds of Iowans at McGregor, Guttenberg, Dubuque, Bellevue, Clinton, Davenport, Muscatine, Burlington, Fort Madison, and Montrose met the explorers of 1923 at the water front, looked at them in friendly curiosity, and then adopted them as honored guests. They harangued the travellers and the *voyageurs* responded. Redmen in full ragalia added color to the welcome at the landings. The trip became a continuous pageant in commemoration of an important episode in Iowa history. Each city feasted the party, gave them presents, and showed them places of interest. The modern explorers were taken to the Abbey of New Melleray where Trappist monks practice the rules of an order founded almost six hundred years before the discovery of Iowa; they visited the quaint village of Tête des Mort, a bit of rural Europe in an Iowa valley; they inspected the United States Arsenal at Rock Island; and they went through the government Biological Station at Fairport.

Finally, at the beautiful Crapo Park of Burlington, in a natural amphitheater overlooking the river, with green trees for a background and a vista of wooded islands and rolling prairies in the distance, was reenacted the welcome of Marquette and Joliet by the Illinois Indians. Jesuit priest and French explorer, Indian braves, chiefs, old men, squaws, and children, appearing before an audience of thousands of

people, caught and reflected the spirit of the first visit of white men to Iowa. Then followed an eloquent address by a priest of the same missionary order to which Father Marquette belonged. Appropriate ceremonies at Bluff Park, Montrose, culminated the ten day celebration in honor of the discovery of Iowa and the first visit of white men to her borders.

As the sun was midway down the sky the replica *voyageurs* set out for home in a launch, towing the two canoes. Darkness overtook them, and in the north jagged flashes of lightning silhouetted the bluffs and trees on the shoreline. The heavy rumble of thunder echoed down the valley. A train rushed past, the glare of the headlight piercing the darkness and the flare from the opened fire box revealing the fireman. Then the rain! Curtains hastily lowered protected the travellers who had endured ten days of stifling heat on the river without a suggestion of a storm. At last the docks loomed ahead out of the darkness and the launch slid into its quarters. The *voyageurs* of 1923 had rediscovered the Father of Waters and the friendliness of the people who today inhabit the Iowa country.

BRUCE E. MAHAN.

FATHER MARQUETTE

Humanity is relentless in its quick forgetfulness of the dead, but more than two centuries have not dimmed the achievements of Father Jacques Marquette, nor obliterated the memory of the fine idealism of his life. Much of the wilderness in which he lived and worked has become peopled, the little mission of St. Ignace which he built has long since fallen to ruins, but Marquette's spirit is still felt by the hundreds of summer tourists who visit the monument at St. Ignace, Michigan, which marks the site of his former chapel.

Jacque Marquette grew to manhood in the shadow of dominant personalities and past glories of France. Born in Laon in 1637, he came of a family which cherished the memory of a long line of valiant warriors and distinguished statesmen. As a child he played among the crumbling ruins of walls and ramparts which had withstood the attacks of many foes of France; a dozen times a day he gazed upon the imposing cathedral built by the Church of Rome in the twelfth century; and his walks frequently led him among the ruins of an ancient leaning tower, built like that of Pisa.

The influence of the boy's mother, Rose de la Salle, together with a natural tendency toward a life of piety, soon made him determined to abandon the traditions of his ancient house which marked its sons for statesmen and warriors, and to enter the service of the Cross. Shortly after he was seventeen, he went to the neighboring town of Nancy and entered the Jesuit college as a novice.

Beginning in 1632, the Jesuits had gradually penetrated far into the forests of North America and were attempting to spread Christianity among the Indians of lower Canada. During his long and tedious months of study in France, Marquette had, no doubt, read accounts of these Jesuit activities and pictured himself as a savior of the savages in this strange, far country. Whatever his hopes may have been, he burned with an intense desire to try his fortunes as a forest missionary in America.

For twelve years his ambition remained ungratified, but he did not lose his ardor. At last, in 1666, when he was twenty-nine years of age, the long-wished-for orders arrived and Marquette quickly embarked for the missionary field of New France. He reached Quebec in September of the same year and it was there, while he was gaining his first impressions of the New World, that he met Louis

Joliet, with whom he was afterward to share one of the greatest adventures of his life.

After a rest of twenty days, Marquette was sent to Three Rivers, seventy-seven miles above Quebec, to become a pupil of Father Gabriel Drüillettes in the many-sided art of the Indian missionary. In marked contrast to the theological seminaries of Old France, Three Rivers was a rude school in which the young priest learned to endure the hardships of toilsome journeys, to face the horrors of famine, pestilence, and war, and to speak the strange language of the Indians. But Marquette's natural ability, coupled with his great zeal, seems to have overcome all obstacles.

Daily association for two years with the greasy savages of Three Rivers, constant observation of their manners and customs, and the mastery of six dialects was deemed to be sufficient apprenticeship, and Marquette was sent to the Ottawa mission at Sault Ste. Marie in the summer of 1668. There he was associated with "twenty or thirty Nations, all different in language, customs, and Policy." After his first winter's work, he wrote that the harvest of souls "is very abundant, and that it only rests with the Missionaries to baptize the entire population." He was skeptical of the sincerity of the Indian converts, however, fearing that they were "too acquiescent" and that after baptism they would still "cling to their customary superstitions." He gave especial attention to baptizing the dying, "who are a surer harvest."

Marquette remained only a year at the Sault and then he was sent on to the farthest corner of Lake Superior to take charge of the mission at La Pointe. Built on a narrow spit of sand and gravel some six miles long, the mission was surrounded by a wild and picturesque landscape of steep cliffs of sandstone and dark pine forests. Marquette assumed his duties with a quaking heart for it was a hazardous undertaking, but it was exactly the opportunity for which he had been longing. He went at once to visit the neighboring Indians, and found them to be of the Huron nation and practically all baptized. Some of the other tribes, however, were found to be "very far from the Kingdom of God."

It was during his service at La Pointe that Marquette first heard of the great river which flowed so far southward that the nations about the Great Lakes had never heard of its mouth. He also learned of the Illinois Indians—a strange tribe of savages who raised maize and enormous squashes, and who did not know what a canoe was. Then and there Marquette conceived the ambition to explore the Mis-

Mississippi and to carry the Gospel to the benighted Illinois who worshipped the sun and the thunder.

In the spring of 1671 the Hurons near La Pointe were threatened with an attack by the warlike Sioux, and fled to Mackinac Island. Marquette abandoned the mission and went with them. There, at the junction of lakes Huron, Superior, and Michigan—the gateway to the land of the Illinois in the great valley—the shrewd Jesuit took his post and bided the time when he could fulfill his desire.

Meanwhile he was kept very busy, ministering to the religious needs of the Indians, baptizing the infants, and making excursions into the surrounding country by canoe and on foot. Near the edge of the island he established the little mission of St. Ignace, which was later transferred to the mainland. Its site is today marked by an imposing monument, a shrine for hundreds of tourists.

Scarcely more than a year had elapsed before Marquette's dreams came true. It was in December, 1672, when his friend Joliet arrived from Quebec with orders for him to join in exploring the Mississippi River and to spread the faith among the natives of that country. It was a momentous occasion in the little settlement, and during the winter months Marquette and Joliet were busy collecting information about the great western country, drawing maps, and preparing for the long journey in the spring.

On the seventeenth of May, 1673, the two Frenchmen, together with five boatmen, set out in two small birch-bark canoes. By way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, they reached the Mississippi just a month from the time they started, and eight days later paid their first visit to the people who then lived in Iowa.

After two days of feasting with the Illinois Indians, the party proceeded on down the river. Various thrilling adventures convinced the explorers that they were in a strange land indeed. They had not gone far when they saw, painted high upon the smooth surface of a cliff, two hideous monsters, the work of some imaginative Indian artist. "They are as large As a calf", writes Father Marquette. "They have Horns on their heads Like those of deer, a horrible look, red eyes, a beard Like a tiger's, a face somewhat like a man's, a body Covered with scales, and so Long A tail that it winds all around the Body, passing the head and going back between the legs, ending in a Fish's tail."

While still discussing these pictured rocks they heard the rush of a rapids and in a few moments they were in the muddy and turbulent waters of the Missouri River. "An accumulation of large and



LOUIS JOLLIET, EXPLORER, CO-LABORER OF MARQUETTE

(Photo by courtesy of the State Historical Society of Iowa).

entire trees, branches, and floating islands, was issuing from the mouth of the river, with such impetuosity", says Marquette, that they could not pass through without great danger.

Going farther to the south, the explorers encountered great swarms of mosquitoes near the broad mouth of the Ohio. The heat and the insects made life miserable until the men hoisted canvas tents over their canoes, after the manner of the southern Indians.

A few days later, as the *voyageurs* approached a village of Mitchigeamea Indians, they saw the savages preparing for battle. "They were armed with bows, arrows, hatchets, clubs, and shields", relates Father Marquette. "They prepared to attack us, on both land and water; part of them embarked in great wooden canoes—some to ascend, others to descend the river, in order to Intercept us and surround us on all sides. Those who were on land came and went, as if to commence The attack. In fact, some Young men threw themselves into The water, to come and seize my Canoe; but the current compelled Them to return to land. One of them then hurled his club, which passed over without striking us. In vain I showed The calumet, and made them signs that we were not coming to war against them. The alarm continued, and they were already preparing to pierce us with arrows from all sides, when God suddenly touched the hearts of the old men, who were standing at the water's edge."

The elders succeeded in checking the ardor of the young braves and invited the Frenchmen to their village. The Indians could not understand Marquette's Algonquin dialects, but they told him that another tribe farther down the river near the mouth of the Arkansas could give what information they desired.

The Arkansas Indians received the explorers with unmistakable demonstrations of friendship. The white men were feasted until nightfall, while the Indians told of the dangers of the river below, of the fierce tribes that inhabited the country, and of the murderous Spaniards not far away. Pondering upon these warnings, convinced that they were within three days' journey of the sea, and anxious to report their discoveries, Marquette and Joliet decided to turn their canoes northward.

The trip home was begun on July seventeenth. Paddling against the stream was far different from floating with it, the boatmen soon discovered. They were forced to thread their way back and forth across the river to avoid the swiftest currents. As if to multiply their woes, the heat became almost unbearable and the mosquitoes were a constant irritation. Camping in the damp night air, without fire to

avoid attack, and sleeping in cramped positions in the canoes were unhealthy practices which would harm the health of any man, and Marquette, being naturally of a delicate physique, began show signs of collapse.

At last they reached the Illinois River, where friendly Indians told them of a shorter way to Lake Michigan than the route by which they had come. In the course of their journey up the Illinois, they came one day to a village in whose lodges lived the same Indians they had visited in Iowa. The tired *voyageurs* were welcomed with such hospitality that they remained three days in the village. Marquette told the Indians of the God who had protected him on his long voyage, and before he departed he promised to return some day and establish a mission among them.

Reaching Lake Michigan, probably by way of the Chicago River, the weary explorers pushed their sadly worn canoes on toward the Jesuit mission of St. Francois Xavier at De Pere, where Marquette had been assigned for service. There he arrived at the end of September, ill and exhausted, just four months after he had started on his journey.

During the long and tedious winter which followed, Marquette's mind was busy making plans to return to the Illinois tribes and establish a mission near Kaskaskia. In the early autumn he believed himself well enough to accomplish this task and he started from De Pere in October, 1674. Two French servants accompanied him.

Along the shore of Lake Michigan the travellers encountered cold and stormy weather. Constant exposure to wind, rain, and cold so weakened Father Marquette that, upon reaching the Chicago River in December, the two boatmen were forced to build a rude hut and, amidst the great silences of the wilderness, the three men spent the winter. The black-gown struggled through the strain of the cold season and in March the three men pursued their journey toward Kaskaskia.

Marquette's health failed rapidly but they reached the Indian village on the eighth of April where Marquette "was received as an angel from Heaven." A tabernacle of saplings covered with reed mats and bearskins was built close to the village and in it were hung "several pieces of chinese taffeta, attached to these four large Pictures of the blessed Virgin, which were visible on all Sides." There the priest spoke eloquently to more than a thousand braves who listened "with universal Joy," and prayed that he might return to them again as soon as his health would permit.

Marquette's illness grew steadily worse and, realizing that death was not far distant, he started north with the hope of reaching the mission of St. Ignace before he died. His two faithful servants, taking advantage of the northward current, pushed the little canoe along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, but April and early May were cold and stormy, and the two boatmen despaired of being able to reach their destination in time. Marquette, preparing to die, reclined upon the reed mats in the bottom of the boat.

At last, perceiving a high eminence which he deemed well-suited for his burial, Marquette directed his servants to stop, for he had selected that spot as the place of his last repose. It was early in the day and the boatmen wished to go farther, but "God raised a Contrary wind", and they were compelled to turn back to the place which Marquette had pointed out. There they built a little fire, made a wretched cabin of bark, and the dying missionary was laid beneath the humble roof. While the men were tearfully engaged in making camp, Marquette spent his last hours in prayer, and on the eighteenth of May, 1675, "with a countenance beaming and all aglow, he expired so gently that it might have been regarded as a pleasant sleep."

The two servants buried their master as he had directed, and placed a large cross to mark his grave. In the spring, some Kiskakons carried his body to St. Ignace and lowered it into a small vault in the middle of the church. The little mission was burned in 1700 and for more than one hundred and seventy-five years his resting place was unknown. In 1877, Father Edward Jucker discovered the grave and Marquette's remains now rest in the church of St. Ignace and at Marquette University in Milwaukee.

Marquette was never a man of great strength; he was unfitted for the rough life of the wilderness. His gentle manner and frail physique, however, concealed a will of iron. Earnest, kind, and sincere, the model of his whole life was Saint François Xavier, probably the greatest of all Jesuit missionaries, who extended the faith through fifty-two kingdoms in Asia. In many respects, the incidents of Marquette's life ran parallel to those of his great predecessor. When death overtook him, alone in the wilderness, he spent his last few hours giving thanks to God that he could die "as he had always prayed, in a Wretched cabin in the midst of the forests and bereft of all human succor", exactly as Saint François Xavier did many centuries before him on the other side of the world.

RUTH B. MIDDLEAUGH.

LOUIS JOLIET

The story begins on Thursday the twenty-first of September in the year 1645. It was on that day that Jean Joliet, a poor wagon-maker in the service of the great fur-trading company of the Hundred Associates which then controlled Canada, might have been seen by some of the inhabitants of Quebec as he and his wife, Marie, climbed slowly up the heights with their infant son and made their way to the church of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mary. There, in the presence of parents and godparents, the curé baptized and christened the child Louis. Afterward the little family returned to their humble home in the old Lower Town at the foot of the towering rock of Quebec beside the mighty St. Lawrence.

During the years that followed, while the little French trading post with its two or three hundred colonists, adventurers, priests, and nuns was just beginning to assume the dignity becoming to the capital of New France, the sturdy youngster outgrew his infancy and thrived in the midst of hardship and privation after the manner of the hardy race from which he sprang. The winters were long and cold, and the summers were filled with dread of the Indians. Yet the cheerful French folk faced impending calamity with a laugh or a *bon mot* and society in the Upper Town, where the *seigneurs* brought their families to spend the winter months, reproduced the gaiety of the salons of Old France.

Louis Joliet developed into an alert and active boy. Before he was old enough to remember distinctly his father died. He attended the Jesuit school with the other children of Quebec, most of whom lived in the Lower Town near the landing. Proximity to the St. Lawrence no doubt inspired the boy with a fancy for voyages, while the arrival and departure of missionaries, traders, and Indians gave rise to dreams of adventure and manly ambition. One of the youthful amusements was to play in the brook that came down from Cape Diamond in a succession of little cascades. Often, as a boy, Louis Joliet may have climbed the steep and narrow ascent from Wolfe's Cove to the Plains of Abraham, just as a century later the British stealthily gained the same impregnable heights and wrested an empire from the French.

Joliet seems to have been none the less a student for all of his boyish activities. In the Department of Marine in Paris there is a remarkable map of the island of Anticosti and the Gulf of St. Law-

rence, drawn by him when he was only thirteen. The work is carefully executed and the notes and legends indicate maturity and accurate observation. In 1662 he decided to become a Jesuit priest and took his minor orders in August of that year. He cultivated his talent for music and continued his classical course by a study of philosophy. Four years later he is mentioned with special honor for his participation in a public debate in philosophy, at which the dignitaries of the colony were present and in which the Intendant, Talon himself, took part. The arguments were made in Latin and the disputants were confined to the syllogistic method.

During the following year Joliet, who had then reached his majority, was "clerk of the church" in the seminary. Father Jacques Marquette came to Quebec in September, 1666, and during the three weeks he tarried before going on to Three Rivers the two young men must have become well acquainted. Joliet, however, gave up his training for the priesthood about the time that Marquette entered upon his chosen field as a forest missionary, and in the summer of 1667, probably at the instigation of Talon and for the purpose of pursuing special studies in the Old World, he sailed for France.

After a happy year in the land of his fathers, Joliet returned to Quebec and began his career as explorer. Only the most resourceful, intrepid, and sturdy young men ventured upon that arduous calling. The successful *coureur de bois* had to know the craft of the wilderness—how to find his way in the depths of the forest; how to fashion shelter huts, weapons, and canoes; how to survive alone far from the base of supplies. He had to live with the Indians, interpret their moods, and speak their dialects. Above all, he had to be tactful, brave, and alert.

Commissioned by the Governor of New France to accompany Jean Péré on an expedition in search of fabulous boulders of pure copper on the shores of Lake Superior, Joliet plunged into the wilderness early in the spring of 1669 and was not heard of again until the following autumn. One day in September the Sieur de La Salle with his party of explorers and Sulpitian missionaries in search of a new route to the South Sea were amazed to hear of another Frenchman in a neighboring Indian village near the western end of Lake Ontario. It was Joliet on his way back to Quebec. He had failed to find the copper mines, but he had obtained precious knowledge of the region of the Great Lakes, had visited Green Bay, had won the friendship of the Indians, had made peace between the Iroquois and the Ottawas, and had discovered a new and less difficult route to the West by way

of the Grand River and Lake Erie. For these services he was paid four hundred livres—not quite eighty dollars.

Late in the following year Joliet returned to the Great Lakes as a member of Saint-Lusson's pretentious expedition, and the early summer of 1671 found him at Sault Ste. Marie where a great concourse of Indians, priests, and soldiers had assembled to witness an imposing ceremony. There, on the fourteenth of June, he stood with a little group of Europeans surrounded by hundreds of dusky savages, their eyes wide with wonder, while Father Claude Dablon invoked a blessing upon the huge wooden cross erected as a token of spiritual dominion. Saint-Lusson, lifting a sod and holding forth his sword, in the name of His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XIV of France, then took formal possession of all the territory from Hudson Bay to the South Sea and westward to the ocean—a realm of which none of them knew the extent. "*Vive le Roi!*" shouted the Frenchmen, and the Indians howled in concert.

One of the most alluring mysteries of the continent still remained unsolved. What was the "great water" to the west of which the Indians had told the explorers and missionaries, and whither did it flow? When Talon received instructions in 1672 to direct his attention to the exploration of the Mississippi as the most important that could be undertaken in behalf of New France, his choice of a person to entrust with such a mission naturally fell to Louis Joliet, the brilliant young scholar whom he had sent to Europe six years before and who had since distinguished himself as a zealous and trustworthy explorer.

By November, after Talon had been recalled to France and Joliet was far on his way, the new Governor, Frontenac, wrote to the prime minister that he had "deemed it expedient for the service to send Sieur Joliet to discover the south sea by way of the country of the Maskoutens and the great river called Mississippi, which is believed to empty into the California sea. He is a man of experience in this kind of discovery and has already been near the great river, of which he promises to see the mouth." To his friend, Father Marquette, who was patiently waiting at the mission of St. Ignace for an opportunity to visit the Indians who lived along the great river, Joliet carried instructions to accompany him on the voyage.

Slowly and apparently alone, Sieur Joliet paddled his birch-bark canoe up the turbulent Ottawa and Mattawan, laboriously he traversed the portage to Lake Nipissing, and finally emerging from its forested islands, gay with autumnal foliage, he rapidly descended the French River and floated out into the isle-strewn expanse of Georgian Bay.

Weeks must have passed while he threaded that gloomy archipelago, genial October was succeeded by chill November, each morning when the traveller awakened beneath his shelter of boughs he found the damp mosses crisp under foot, while fitful winds laden with snowflakes whistled mournfully in the tree tops. To reach Mackinac before the ice blocked his passage the bold explorer must have taken many risks, for it was the eighth of December and floes were already forming in the straits when he beached his canoe at Point St. Ignace, embraced his priestly friend, and placed within his eager hands the fateful message which was to link their names upon a page of history.

All through the long winter Joliet and Marquette made careful preparations for their momentous exploration. On the seventeenth of May, 1673, the little party set out, and it was late in the autumn before Joliet, weary and travel-worn, pulled his canoe onto the beach at St. Ignace. Cold weather was at hand, so he spent the winter at the Mackinac settlement, writing his report to the Governor, drafting a map of the Illinois country, and preparing his journal of the voyage.

When spring came and the ice went out of the strait, he embarked upon the long trip back to Quebec. Week after week Joliet and his companions paddled homeward. At last they approached the town of Montreal and entered the troubled waters of La Chine Rapids—the last ordeal of the perilous journey. Many a time Joliet had passed those foam-covered rocks before, but the fates that day were capricious and overturned the light canoe. The men were thrown into the swift current and the box containing Joliet's precious map and his journal was deposited at the bottom of the river. Frantically, Joliet struggled against the tugging whirlpools until his strength was gone and he lost consciousness. Four hours his body tossed in the water when at last some fishermen pulled him out and brought him back to life. His French companions and the Indian lad, gift of the Indians in Iowa, were drowned.

The news of Joliet's discovery and the accident in the rapids preceded him to Quebec. When he finally entered his native town the church bells were rung and he was enthusiastically welcomed. After embracing his mother and visiting a little with friends and relatives he hastened to make a verbal report to Governor Frontenac. Later he wrote a brief account of his voyage, the country he had explored, and the ease of establishing communication between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. Accompanying this letter was a map of the region drawn from memory.

For several years the young explorer was haunted with the memory of the beautiful prairies, the luxuriant vegetation, the abundance of game, and the innumerable herds of bison which he had seen in the fertile valley of the great river. In 1676, the year following his marriage, he proposed to establish an agricultural colony in Illinois, believing that was the best method of maintaining the French claim to that region, but Paris officialdom vetoed it. Thereafter, for a time, he seems to have fallen into disfavor, perhaps because he was outspoken in opposition to the policy of supplying the Indians with liquor.

So ended the period of greatest accomplishment in the life of Louis Joliet, though for a quarter of a century longer he continued to occupy an important place in Canadian history. A man of scholarship and versatility (he played the cathedral organ between voyages), his whole career is one of remarkable achievement. In the Jesuit and official records of that time he is always referred to as a man of discretion, bravery, and unusual ability who might be trusted to do difficult work.

In 1679 Sieur Joliet was granted the *seigneurie* of the Mingan Islands, and later in the same year he made a survey of the region between the Saguenay River and James Bay, where he found the British firmly established. In return for his services he was given the island of Anticosti in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There he went to live with his family and was growing wealthy when Sir William Phips appeared with his British fleet in 1690 and destroyed his establishment. A few years later he explored the coast of Labrador, made numerous maps, and studied the Eskimos and the resources of that country. In 1695 he went to France where he was received with honor and respect. When he returned to Quebec he was appointed royal professor of navigation and was given another *seigneurie* which bore his own name and which his descendants possess to this day.

Louis Joliet died sometime in the summer of 1700—nobody knows just when or where or how. It is probable that the illustrious explorer met his end some place in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where so often he had guided his boat on adventurous voyages. Perhaps his body rests on one of those rugged islands which the fogs envelop with a white shroud and whose shores reverberate incessantly with the cry of gulls and the thunder of billows.

Although all of Joliet's papers, maps and charts concerning the Illinois were lost just at the conclusion of the journey, there are some letters extant, the most extended of which reads as follows:

“To the Count de Frontenac, Counselor to the King in his Councils, Governor and Lieutenant General of his Majesty, and in the countries of New France. My Lord:

“It is with the greatest pleasure that I have the happiness today to present you with this map which gives the position of the lakes which one has to cross to reach Canada or North America, which extends over 1,200 leagues from east to west. This great river, on the other side of the lakes, Huron and Illinois, which bears the name Buade river, having been discovered there last years 1673 and 1674, by your first command which you gave me, enters into your government of New France, passes between Florida and New Mexico and discharges into the sea. It traverses the most beautiful country imaginable—I have never seen anything prettier in France than the large prairies, which I admire, nothing more agreeable than the diversity of the woods and the forests where one may pick prunes, apples, grenades, lemons and berries and still smaller fruits which are not to be found in Europe.

“In the fields one sees quails, in the woods parrots, in the rivers fishes, unknown to us as to taste and size.

“Iron mines, and bloodstones which are only to be found with red copper, and they are not rare either, nor slate, salt petre, coal, marble and copper ore, pieces as large as a fist and almost pure; it was found close to the bloodstones which are superior to those in France and quite abundant.

“Every savage has his canoe of wood, 50 feet long and for his provisions they do not care for deer, they kill the buffalo, which travels in herds from 30 to 40. I have seen herds of more than 400 along the river and turkeys are so common, that no one pays any attention to them.

“Indian corn is gathered by them three times a year and all the savages have water melon to refresh themselves during the great heat which does not permit any ice or snow.

“By one of these large rivers which come from the west, and enter the Buade one can enter into the ruby sea. I have seen a village which was only five journeys distant of a nation which does business with those in California. Had I come two days sooner I would have had a chance to speak to them, who came from there and brought four hatchets with them for presents.

“You would have found a complete description of it in my journal, if my good fortune, which was always with me, did not fail me, in the last quarter of an hour, to reach the place where I started from. I would have escaped the dangers of the savages; I passed 42 rapids; I was upon the point to disembark with all the pleasure one enjoys of a successful but long and difficult travel, when my canoe capsized. I lost two packages and my strong box at the sight, and at the gate of the first French houses which I left nearly two years ago.

“I have nothing left but my life and the good will which you may use, as it shall please you.

“My Lord,

“Your most humble and most obedient servant and subject,

“JOLLIET.”

JOHN ELY BRIGGS.

POINTING THE WAY

Toward the Mississippi Valley the tide of world empire has been setting for three quarters of a century and is not even yet at its height. The financier may turn his eyes toward Wall Street or Threadneedle Street, the student may plan his pilgrimage to Cambridge or Leipzig, the artist may long for the inspiration afforded by the Louvre or the galleries of Florence, but the teeming millions of the overcrowded places of the world, with hands restless to do and hearts ready to dare, turn eager faces toward this great central basin of North America. In the center of this vast tract, midway between the mountain barriers to the east and to the west, midway between the tropic sea to the south and the frozen sea to the north, stands Iowa. And the way thither—will it interest you for a few moments?

Singularly enough the history of the Mississippi Valley began with Jacques Cartier's voyage up the St. Lawrence in 1534. Fishing fleets began to frequent the waters about Newfoundland, occasionally ascending the river for the winter and carrying on a profitable fur trade with the Indians. It soon became evident that this trade was well worth developing, and furs came to be sought by the French in the north as eagerly if not as rapaciously as was gold by the Spaniards in the south. Champlain came up the river, bringing colonists who founded Quebec in 1608, the same year that the English founded Jamestown.

Whence came this supply of furs? And whence came this great river, mightier ten-fold than any of the rivers of Europe? The first of these problems appealed to Champlain's superiors, the latter to Champlain himself. He took but little interest in his colony except as it served him as a base for his explorations. He heard of a great sea to the west and would reach it and find thereby the way to Far Gathay. The St. Lawrence itself was blocked by the Iroquois Indians of northern New York, whose hostility to the French, and particularly to Champlain, was fierce and unrelenting. So he pushed his canoes up the Ottawa until its waters enmeshed with those of a lake called Nipissing. From this lake he followed a river, now known as French River, down to the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron. The Great Lakes lay before him, but it was not his to explore them. Indeed he had been preceded thus far by Franciscan

missionaries who were already established among the Huron Indians at the head of this same bay.

Then followed two decades of confusion and reorganization of the French colonies. The great Richelieu next assumed their management and, through Champlain was reappointed Governor, commerce and trade were monopolized by a company known as the Hundred Associates while the Jesuits were virtually in charge of all other interests, temporal as well as spiritual.

In July of 1634 it was that the Jesuit missionaries Brébeuf, Daniel, and Davost embarked with the Indian canoe fleet on its annual return journey from Three Rivers to the Huron country. Jean Nicollet was one of this motley company, but the situation was far less novel to him than to his black-robed fellow countrymen. Brébeuf speaks admiringly of him as being "equal to all the hardships endured by the most robust savages." The tiresome ascent of the Ottawa was finally accomplished and the canoes glided out upon the waters of Lake Nipissing; thence down French River to Georgian Bay and on to its head, where the Jesuits established themselves in the place formerly occupied by the Franciscans.

They were soon joined by Nicollet, who had tarried for a time with the Indians on an island in the Ottawa. After procuring a suitable outfit and engaging seven Hurons to act as guides, Nicollet bade adieu to Father Brébeuf and his associates and set out on his voyage westward. His commission required him to explore such countries as he might be able to reach and to make commercial treaties with the people dwelling therein. The party coasted along the eastern and northern shores of Lake Huron, passing through the dangerous channel to the north of the Manitoulins until they found themselves tossing about in the eddies below the Sault Ste. Marie in water through which now floats a commerce whose tonnage is three times that which passes Port Said and Suez.

But for Nicollet the scene seems to have had no special interest. He must have heard from the Indians of Lake Superior, but makes no mention of having visited it. The water coursing past his camp at the foot of the rapids was fresh and gave no promise that the "salt sea" of which he was in search lay beyond. Thus did he miss discovering the greatest of all the Great Lakes.

Dropping down St. Mary's Strait he rounded the upper peninsula of Michigan and passed on through the Straits of Mackinac. The "second lake of the Hurons," as Lake Michigan was for a time called, lay before him. Boldly following the northern shore of this new-found

sea Nicollet entered Green Bay, land-locked by the present State of Wisconsin. He pushed on to its head, where he for the first time encountered tribes of Indians with whom he could not converse. He believed himself upon the outskirts of the vast Chinese Empire. Being invited to a council with the chiefs he donned the gorgeous mandarin's cloak, which he had brought in an oilskin bag to wear at his appearance before the Chinese court, and approaching, discharged his pistols into the air. The impression was all that could be desired, but he soon discovered that he had not yet reached China nor even its outskirts. He was well received, however, and passed on up the Fox River.

After traversing Lake Winnebago he found himself once more among Indians of the Algonquin stock whose language was intelligible. From them he heard of a "great water" which could be reached in three days by a short portage from the upper Fox River. The portage referred to was, of course, that into the Wisconsin River at what is now Portage City. Had he taken this "three days' journey" he would have debouched, not upon a new sea as he supposed, but upon the upper course of the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien opposite McGregor, Iowa. The "way to Iowa" had been pointed out, but many years were to pass before the first white man set foot on Iowa soil. Why Nicollet missed this opportunity, as he had already missed that at Lake Superior, is not in the least clear. What he did do was to travel overland to the south to visit and establish friendly relations with the great nation of Illinois Indians, obtaining at the same time some general notion of the extent of Lake Michigan.

But the discoveries of Nicollet were not soon to be followed up. Scarcely had he returned to Three Rivers when Champlain died. Then came a succession of incompetent Governors. The Iroquois took advantage of the situation and devastated the country, utterly destroying the Huron nation in 1649. Such of the Jesuit missionaries as had escaped death were hastily recalled. The fugitive Hurons and Ottawas betook themselves to the remotest shores of the Great Lakes or sought refuge at Quebec, while others became amalgamated with the Iroquois themselves. Even the fortified settlements on the St. Lawrence were in danger.

In 1660 Radisson and his brother-in-law, Grosseilliers, launched their canoes upon Lake Superior and followed the south shore to the end of the lake. Here they located the remnants of the Huron and Ottawa tribes, secure in these distant regions from the fury of the Iroquois. It is claimed that the brothers, in their overland ex-

plorations, came upon the Mississippi; but, while it may be reasonably inferred, this is not definitely confirmed by Radisson's journal.

Jean Talon, the capable Intendant of New France, was now devoting his best energies to establishing the claim of the mother country to the broad interior, the real extent of which was beginning to unfold with the simultaneous advance of missionary and fur trader. He meant to occupy this region and secure control of its great waterways. Little recked he of Far Cathay. He dreamed of a vast new empire for France. The English, mere grubbers of the soil, were to be confined to the region between the Atlantic coast and the Alleghanies, while Spanish influence was to be thwarted by the establishment of French colonies on the Gulf of Mexico.

A splendid expedition was organized under Saint-Lusson and sent to Sault Ste. Marie to take formal possession of the whole interior of North America in the name of the French King, Louis XIV. But Talon was determined to give the claim made in behalf of his sovereign a more substantial foundation. He resolved to discover and map the course of that mysterious "great river" concerning which such conflicting but insistent rumors had been current ever since the days of Champlain. To execute his purpose he chose Louis Joliet.

The experienced explorer was joined at Mackinac by Father Marquette, then in charge of the Huron mission at St. Ignace. It was early spring. The ice had just left the straits. They made instant haste to prepare for the journey. Five companions were chosen—all Frenchmen and experienced wood-rangers. Their two canoes of birch bark, stiffened with cedar splints, were selected with unusual care. Though large enough to carry safely the seven *voyageurs* and their provisions of smoked meat and maize, besides blankets, camp utensils, guns, instruments, and a quantity of trinkets to serve as presents to the Indians, they were still light enough to be easily portable. Joliet and the five wood-rangers were dressed in the buckskin suits then worn by frontiersmen; but Marquette retained his long black Jesuit's cassock and cumbered himself with no weapon save his rosary.

On the seventeenth of May, 1673, they pushed off their canoes into the crescent-shaped bay at St. Ignace, rounded the point to the south, and headed westward along the northern shore of Lake Michigan. The *voyageurs* must have felt the quickening influence of the changing season. They paddled all day, relieving one another by turns. Trolling lines were set to catch fish. At twilight they landed

to prepare for the night. The sand of the beach still retained the heat of the midday sun. Each canoe was hauled up beyond the reach of the waves, turned over, and propped up by one edge to serve as shelter. One of the party collected dry driftwood for the fire. Another cut forked sticks and set them up in the sand to hold a crossbar upon which the kettle was hung. Hulled corn was cooked; the fish were broiled in the embers; and Marquette blessed the simple meal. Then sitting 'round the camp fire, the tired explorers smoked their pipes and rested. Such was the routine of their voyage on Lake Michigan.

Pushing on day after day, along the route followed by Nicollet thirty-nine years before, the party soon entered Green Bay. They turned into the Menominee River and visited the village of the Indian tribe of the same name, which signifies wild rice. Here they heard dreadful tales of the country and the river which they were about to visit and were urged to go no farther. A few days later they were welcomed at the mission at the head of the bay, still conducted, as it had been founded, by Father Claude Allouez. After making some final arrangements here they ascended Fox River, crossed Lake Winnebago, and entered the devious course of the upper Fox. On the seventh of June they had reached the neighborhood of the portage to the Wisconsin River, first made known by Nicollet.

Guides were secured to conduct them to the point at which the portage was easiest. This point reached, they carried their canoes and baggage a mile and a half over a marshy prairie and, parting with their guides, launched upon the Meskousing (Wisconsin), whose current might bear them to the South Sea, the Gulf of California, or the Gulf of Mexico, they knew not which.

The navigation of the Wisconsin presented no serious difficulties and ten days later, on the seventeenth of June, the explorers floated out upon the broad surface of a mighty river, which they must have recognized at once as the "great water" which they had been sent to find out and explore. They were in the shadow of the almost mountainous bluff at the foot of which lies the quaint little town of South McGregor, the Bingen of the Mississippi. Beyond lay the rolling prairies of Iowa; but little did they, or their successors for a century and a half to come, dream of such a Commonwealth as ours. The depth and breadth of the channel and the swiftness of the current gave them some notion, however, of the extent of the territory to which they had gained access.

The way to Iowa—to the whole Middle West as well—had been discovered. But between the discovery of Iowa and the beginning

of the history of this Commonwealth there is an interval of a century or more. During this interval the region was frequently visited by white men. Its broad prairies, the Mesopotamia of the New World, were doubtless well known to the French and American traders who by turns coursed up and down the Mississippi and the Missouri in quest of buffalo skins.

But the men who have made Iowa and our Middle West what it is to-day came, not by way of the Great Lakes from Canada, nor up stream from the French colonies of Louisiana; not in canoes laden with baubles for cheating the savage, but in emigrant wagons with wives and children and bringing agricultural implements. They came swarming through the passes of the Alleghanies and brought with them into this new land the spirit of the American Revolution.

LAENAS G. WELD.

WHO DISCOVERED THE MISSISSIPPI ?

Our train had just left Prairie du Chien and swept across the long bridge which spans the Wisconsin River not far from its confluence with the Mississippi. I had spoken to the students of Campion College at Prairie du Chien about Father Marquette, and besides, this was the seventeenth of June.

This is the anniversary of Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi," I remarked to a stranger who occupied a seat with me. I am convinced that the man to whom I spoke later subscribed for the *Menace* and that if he is alive he has joined the Ku-Klux Klan. At any rate he snapped back at me with a determination to accept no statement from me on the subject of Marquette.

"I have read some history," he said, "and that history tells me that Marquette never did discover the Mississippi River. It was discovered by a Spaniard named De Soto, and that a hundred years before Marquette was born."

The objection which the man raised was not new to me, and his difficulty had on more than one occasion been brought forcibly to my mind on visiting Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington. As we enter the Capitol, there within the large rotunda we see the famous picture of the American painter Powell. We behold upon the canvas a band of Spanish warriors and adventurers, some arrayed in gay attire, bedecked with gaudy plumage and mounted upon richly caparisoned horses, some clad in rusty armor and carrying the old flintlock muskets of the fifteenth century. A cross is being erected near a large river; cannons are booming, groups of dusty savages watch the strangers from their boats or cluster around them on the shore. We approach the picture and read the title: "The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto in 1539." Passing from the rotunda to Statuary Hall, we see carved in the whitest of marble a figure truly inspiring. Again we read the title: "James Marquette, Who with Louis Joliet Discovered the Mississippi in 1673."

Here we meet the conflicting claimants. The Mississippi was discovered in 1539 and 1673; it was discovered by De Soto and by Marquette. To whom does the honor belong? Does the discovery of the one detract from that of the other? What right has Marquette to the honors of discovery since De Soto stood upon the banks of the great river of the New World a hundred years before Marquette was born? Is the title "discoverer" a misnomer when applied to the



MARQUETTE AND JOLLIET MONUMENT AT THE JUNCTION OF THE
WISCONSIN AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.

(Photo by courtesy of Rev. A. H. Rohde, S. J., Prairie du Chien).

Jesuit missionary? Should not the sculptor have carved the word "explorer" on the pedestal of the statue in the Capitol?

De Soto reached the bank of the great river of the New World a century before Marquette launched his boat upon its waters; but this does not prove that the latter was not a discoverer. Lief and Thorfinn visited the North American continent, cut timber, built huts and attempted colonization; yet we do not call them the discoverers of America. A discoverer is not the one who simply visits a strange land, who touches an unknown coast, who crosses a stream which no human eye has seen before. He is one whose work results in something permanent, who adds something to the knowledge of the people calling him a discoverer, whether this knowledge be historical, geographical or ethnological.

"There is not a race of Asia—Eastern Siberian, Tartar, Chinese, Japanese, Malay with the Polynesians—which has not been claimed as discoverers, intending or accidental, or American shores, or as progenitors, more or less perfect or remote, of American peoples, and there is no good reason why anyone of them may not have done all that is claimed. Yet we do not call any one of these nations the discoverers of America, nor would we do so even if the claims advanced were of indisputable authority." So writes the historian Winsor.

John Fiske, in his "Discovery of America," has the following passage in regard to the pre-Columbia voyages:

"Nothing can be clearer, however, from a survey of the whole subject than that these pre-Columbian voyages were quite barren of results of historic importance. In point of colonization they produced the two ill-fated settlements on the Greenland coast, and nothing more. Otherwise they made no real addition to the stock of geographical knowledge, they wrought no effect whatever upon the European mind outside of Scandinavia, and even in Iceland itself the mention of coasts beyond Greenland awakened no definite ideas, and, except for a brief season, excited no interest.

"Vineland voyages had practically lapsed from memory before the end of the fourteenth century. Nothing had been accomplished by these voyages which could properly be called a contribution to geographical knowledge. To speak of them as constituting, in any legitimate sense of the phrase, a discovery of America is simply absurd. Except for Greenland, which was supposed to be a part of the European world, America remained as much undiscovered after the eleventh century as before. In the midsummer of 1492 it needed to be discovered as much as if Lief Ericson or the whole race of the Northmen had never existed.

“As these pre-Columbian voyages produced no effect in the eastern hemisphere, except to leave in Icelandic literature a scanty but interesting record, so in the western hemisphere they seem to have produced no effect beyond cutting down a few trees and killing a few Indians. In the outlying world of Greenland it is not improbable that the blood of the Eskimos may have received some slight Scandinavian infusion. But upon the aboriginal world of the red men, from Davis Strait to Cape Horn, it is not likely that any impression of any sort was made. It is in the highest degree probable that Lief Ericson and his friends made a few voyages to what we now know to have been the coast of North America; but it is abuse of language to say that they discovered America. In no sense was any real contact established between the eastern and western halves of our planet until the great voyage of Columbus in 1492.”

According to Fiske, then, two things are necessary to merit the title and honors of a discoverer. First, to find the land or country in question, and secondly, to establish permanent intercourse between the country discovered and the country which bestows the title of discoverer. The last of these conditions was not verified in regard to the Northmen, and therefore neither Lief nor Thorfinn can be called the discoverer of America.

In the beginning of the last century grave historians wrote books to prove that De Soto really existed, that he was not a fictitious personage but a man of flesh and blood, that he penetrated far into the southern part of the American continent, that he discovered the Mississippi, that he was buried in its current. All this is familiar to us now, but it was not so evident a hundred years ago, before the research of patient seekers after truth brought to light the dusty and forgotten documents hidden away in European archives. We mention those facts here to show how completely the work of the dauntless Spanish explorer had been obliterated from the memory of man. So many were the strange and contradictory reports about the New World, the fountain of perpetual youth which bestowed the boon of immortality on those who drank of its waters; the El Dorado, richer in gold than the temple of Solomon; the passage to the Indies, not by way of the frozen straits of the north, but through a land blessed with all the fruits of the tropics: the “Sea of Verrazano,” which washed the shores of Cathay; the “wondrous isles that gemmed the sunny sea”—when all these proved to be but the work of the imagination, fact was confounded with fiction, and people refused to accept the accounts of those expeditions which had cost the lives of scores of Spanish adventurers.

Nor are we surprised at their incredulity. It was the story of the shepherd lad who cried "Wolf! Wolf!" to deceive the neighbors, and when the wolf did come no one believed him. How exaggerated, for instance, were the tales of golden cities! Caligula was considered extravagant because he shod his horse with golden shoes. What was to be thought of these people who lived in golden houses and the streets of whose cities were paved with golden blocks? When the El Dorado vanished like the golden clouds of a summer morning, with it disappeared many of the facts of history; for the nations of Europe refused to believe them. Such was the fate of the great river of the New World. It was navigated for many leagues and described accurately by the chroniclers of the expeditions. Then gradually it disappeared from the minds of men and was forgotten; its history became a fable, as unreal as the wonderful house and the wonderful giant in the story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk." Like the American continent in the time of Columbus, it needed to be discovered.

The historian John Gilmary Shea in "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi," writes: "Such clear accounts of a great river which the party of De Soto had found navigable for at least a thousand miles would naturally have drawn attention to it; but we find no notice of any Spanish vessels entering the river to trade in furs or slaves, or simply to explore. The Mississippi was now forgotten, and although explored for a thousand miles, known to have at least two branches equal in size to the finest rivers in Spain, to be nearly a league wide and perfectly navigable, it is laid down on maps as an insignificant stream, often not distinguished by its name of Espiritu Santo, and then we are left to conjecture what petty line was intended for the great river of the West."

A careful study of the maps drawn by different cartographers during the century which elapsed from the death of De Soto to the birth of Marquette shows more conclusively than the testimony of historians that the Mississippi was either forgotten or was considered as a small stream of no importance. We are surprised to see with what accuracy the entire South American continent was depicted. The Amazon was traced with such precision that in order to find fault we must compare the work with the pages of a modern textbook. From Point Gallinas to the Straits of Magellan the coast had been explored, and in many places the bold adventurer had penetrated far into the interior. The maps of Florida, and especially of the inland country, are by no means as accurate.

Maps published a score of years after the death of De Soto mark the river of the Espiritu Santo as a large stream, but it is evident

that the topographers had but the vaguest idea of the river and the land through which it flowed. We turn the pages of history and examine the maps drawn half a century after the death of De Soto. What do we find? Have explorations added to the knowledge already accumulated? We look in vain for any addition to the researches already made. In fact the Mississippi, by a strange evolution, grows smaller and smaller. Finally it is not worthy of a name, and is marked as a river of less consequence than the tributaries of the St. Lawrence. Did, then, De Soto's work produce any lasting results? Were not his adventures as effectively erased from the memory of man as the visits of the Northmen to the continent? In fact, if we examine De Soto's titles carefully, we find that he can claim neither of the requirements of the true discoverer. He was not first upon the scene, for Pineda preceded him by twenty years. Nor did his work produce lasting results, as we have shown from the testimony of historians and the maps of cartographers.

Before beginning his voyage of discovery Marquette collected all the information he could in regard to the great river which he hoped to find; and it was just this careful preparation that crowned his work with success. But, the missionary derived none of his knowledge from the former discoveries of De Soto. That knowledge, whatever had been its extent, had long since vanished from the minds of men. It was only after years of patient investigation that the Jesuit was assured that the great body of water was not an ocean, as Nicolleth had thought, but an immense river. The cartographical knowledge which he was enabled to accumulate before his own explorations, far from detracting from his right to the honors of a discoverer, only increases our admiration for the intrepid missionary. Nor was this information as accurate as some writers would have us believe, and the map which we have from the hand of Father Marquette could not possibly have been drawn before the voyage down the Mississippi. Examine the photographic facsimile of the map in the fifty-ninth volume of the "Jesuit Relations" and you will see at a glance that the original could not have been prepared by anyone who had not gone over the whole ground.

It seems ungrateful to deny to the bold Spanish adventurer the honors which his explorations would at first sight seem to claim for him. He had all the qualities of a great captain; he was shrewd, daring, prudent, of an amiable and winning disposition, yet stern and inflexible when duty demanded. Could human foresight have provided for the difficulties of his task he would have succeeded. But,

alas, he knew not the obstacles before him—the impervious forest, the lurking foe, the miasmatic swamp, the fatal fever. One by one he saw his proud and gallant army dwindle away, until at last he died on the banks of the great river of the New World. Had De Soto survived his expedition, his indomitable energy would no doubt have made known to the people of Spain the importance of his discovery. That his work produced no lasting results was not his fault. That these lasting results were not produced and that the Mississippi was forgotten no one can deny.

The man who discovered it was Père Marquette; or, to speak more accurately, it was Marquette and Joliet who discovered it. To the missions along the inland seas, to Quebec, to France, the news was heralded. La Salle followed in the wake of the discoverers and planted the fleur-de-lis on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. Hennepin ascended the river to the Falls of St. Anthony. Allouez hastened to carry the good tidings of the gospel to the tribes who lived along its banks. The trader and the trapper penetrated farther and farther into the continent. From this on there is an unbroken line of progress. Marquette not only discovered the great river, but he gave to Europe ethnological, historical and geographical knowledge hitherto unknown. He pointed out the large tributaries which poured their volume of water into the Mississippi basin, thus connecting the interior with the Gulf of Mexico. He solved the problem of reaching the Pacific by the Missouri, and the route which he indicated was followed when the tide of emigration set in. His work and not De Soto's meets the requirements of the one who merits to be called in the strict sense of the word the discoverer of the Mississippi.

The seventeenth day of June, 1923 was the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi River by Marquette. He and not De Soto was the real discoverer. No serious historian will take from him the honor.

STORY OF THE VOYAGE

It was the eighth of December, 1672. The Hurons and Ottawas at the mission of Saint Ignatius, Mackinac, were huddled in their bark cabins near the little chapel. The fishing season was past; the call of the seagull was heard no more along the ice-crustured shore; the last Indian flotilla had returned from Montreal; the bleak, lonely months of winter had begun. The eighth of December and the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Mother of God! From his earliest youth Marquette had cherished a tender devotion to

Mary Immaculate; for the past two years he had prayed to her to guide him to the villages of the Illinois and the banks of the great river, promising to call it the river of the Immaculate Conception, and now it seemed that his prayer was to be heard.

The eighth day of December. Standing at the door of his chapel Marquette saw far out over the water a small dark object which seemed like a gull riding the chill waves. As it came closed it took the form of a canoe. But what important mission could tempt the voyager to commit himself to the dangerous inland seas at such a season? The canoe touched the strand. Marquette grasped the hand of Joliet. The blackrobe's heart was filled with gladness. Joliet had come to find the great river of the Illinois, and Marquette was to be his companion.

There is a vague suspicion which finds expression at times in popular lectures that Joliet, the companion of Marquette, has been deprived of a justly merited honor. Why all this talk about Marquette? it is asked. Was not Joliet the representative of the French Government? Was he not appointed by Frontenac, the Governor of Canada? Did he not lead the expedition? Did he not bear to Quebec the tidings of the discovery? Why did he not receive full recognition of services? Why did not the State of Wisconsin place his statue in the Hall of Fame at Washington? Why simply carve his name on the pedestal of the statue of Marquette as if he were only secondary in the expedition with little more authority than the old trapper Jaques who ministered to the wants of the missionary, or the faithful *coureur de bois* Pierre, who watched at the side of Marquette as the latter lay dying on the shore of Lake Michigan? What is the answer to these questions? Was any effort made to rob Joliet of his name as a discoverer? Has history a solution for the enigma?

The work of the missionaries among the Indian tribes of Canada is known to all who have read American history. But the Jesuits were not content to administer to the spiritual needs of the French settlements and conduct their various Indian missions. They were priests and missionaries, but at the same time, as members of an educational order which had for one of its principal aims the training of Christian youth, they sought to make their college in Quebec rival in its course of instruction the oldest and best institutions of Europe. Here were gathered the sons of the army officers and other officials, and those of the more wealthy citizens who had the means and inclination to give their children an education. The public exercises of the college were attended by the principal personages of the city,

proud to see that the educational refinement of of France was being so soon transferred to the colonies of the New World.

Among the first of the students to win applause in the public exercises of the college of Quebec was Louis Joliet. At that time, July 2, 1666, he was an ecclesiastical student, but later on abandoned the idea of entering the priesthood. He retained through life his esteem and attachment for his Jesuit professors.

Louis Joliet was born in Quebec, and was baptized there in September, 1645. In 1667 he went to France, where he spent a year, and on returning to Canada he was sent by Talon to search for the copper mines of Lake Superior. During this voyage he probably met Father Marquette at the mission of Sault Ste Marie in the summer of 1671. In 1672 Joliet was deputed by Frontenac to explore the vast regions of the West and to search for a large river of which wonderful accounts had reached Quebec. He went to decide upon the strategic and commercial value of the country. He went as a government official, a topographer, a surveyor. He was prepared by education and experience to fulfill the important trust committed to him. If he discovered the river he was to report what use could be made of it. Could forts be erected along its banks to act as a barrier to further extension of the English colonies? Could the Indians be gained over so that the French would enjoy the exclusive trade in their rich pelts? Such was his mission; such was the information he was deputed to collect. He accomplished his task most satisfactorily, and for his services to the Government received the Island of Anticosti, noted for its extensive fisheries. During the English invasion of 1690 he lost what fortune he had accumulated and died in poverty about the year 1700.

Why has not posterity given to Joliet the honors of the discovery of the Mississippi? If we turn to the records of the times we shall find an answer to these questions. It is true that only Joliet received from Frontenac the official appointment to undertake the voyage of discovery, but he was to make use of the information furnished by the missionaries. They had already penetrated far into the solitudes of the western world. Three years before Joliet's appointment Marquette had reached the western shore of Lak Superior; Fathr Allouez had stood upon the banks of the tributaries of the great river; Father Dablon had written so accurate an account of the Mississippi that it reads today like a description of one who had navigated the river from its source to its mouth. As superior of the Ottawa missions and in constant communication with his subjects, he transmitted to Quebec from his station at Mackinac not only the informa-

tion gathered by personal experience but also that obtained from other missionaries. He knew the Indian name of the stream and the direction in which it flowed; he knew its width; he knew of the treeless plains stretching to the east and west and supplanted by the tropical forests of the distant south; he knew that the Mississippi poured its waters into the Gulf of Mexico or the Gulf of California.

Speaking of explorations which the missionaries contemplated making, Father Dablon writes: "At some days' journey from the mission of Saint Francis Xavier, which is on the bay of Puans (Green Bay), is found a great river more than a league in width. This, coming from the regions of the north and flowing south, extends to such a distance that the savages who have navigated it, in going to seek for their enemies, after many days' journey have not found its mouth, which can only be the Sea of Florida or the Sea of California. Mention will be made hereafter of a very considerable nation living in the direction of that river and of the journey we hope to make there this year to carry the Faith and at the same time to gain a knowledge of the new countries."

In the "Relations" of 1670 and 1671 Father Dablon not only refers to the same subject, but gives the name of the river. "A southward course is taken by the great river, called by the natives Mississippi, which must empty somewhere in the region of the Florida Sea, and more than four hundred league hence. Fuller mention will be made of it hereafter. Beyond that great river lie the eight villages of the Illinois, a hundred leagues from the mission of the Holy Spirit."

Writing of the Illinois, whom he and Father Allouez visited, he says: "These people are situated in the midst of that beautiful region mentioned by us, near the great river named Mississippi, of which it is well to note here what information we have gathered. It seems to form an inclosure, as it were, for all our lakes, rising in the regions of the north and following towards the south, until it empties into the sea—supposed by us to be either the Florida Sea or the Sea of Vermilion (Gulf of California), as there is no knowledge of any large rivers in that direction except those which empty into those two seas. Some savages have assured us that this is so noble a river that more than three hundred leagues from its mouth it is larger than the one flowing before Quebec, for they declare that it is more than a league wide. They also state that all this vast stretch of country consists of nothing but treeless prairies until we come within twenty league of the sea, where forests begin to appear again. Some warriors who declare that they made their way hither from

this country tell us that they saw men there resembling the French, who were splitting trees with knives, and that some of them had their houses on the water; for thus they expressed themselves in speaking of sawed boards and ships. They state further that all along the great river are various tribes of different nations and dissimilar languages and customs, and all at war with each other."

Such in brief is the information gathered by the scattered blackrobes and sent by them to Quebec and even to France before Joliet received his commission to undertake the discovery. It is true that other Frenchmen heard of the great river, but they had neither the education nor the inclination to make a record of their observations. It was from the Jesuits that the Canadian Government received by far the greater part of the information in regard to the Mississippi. None of this information came from Joliet. The Jesuits held the key to this unknown land, this far-famed river; Joliet entered the door which they unlocked, he followed the way which they pointed out to him.

It was not by chance or any casual meeting that Marquette accompanied Joliet. This we learn from a letter written by Father Dablon after the return of Joliet from the voyage. "On arriving in the Ottawa country he (Joliet) joined Father Marquette, who awaited him for the voyage, and who had long premeditated the undertaking." If Joliet held the official appointment from the Government, Marquette was duly appointed by his superior to undertake the discovery. But was any effort made by the missionary to deprive Joliet of the glory? The question sounds like an insult to the gentle, simple, unpretending Marquette, who gave to his companion the honor of carrying to Quebec the glad tidings of the discovery. He himself remained with the Indians in the forest while Joliet reported the success of the expedition to Frontenac, and the Mississippi was claimed and occupied by the French. Joliet received the Island of Anticosti for his services, and history awarded the glory of the enterprise to the Jesuit missionary. Wisconsin has carved the verdict in marble; that verdict will not be changed.

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

The discovery of the Mississippi River was a result of Spain's attempt to explore and colonize the mainland north of Cuba, which after its discovery by Juan Ponce de León in 1513, became known as La Florida. Spain realized the necessity of exploring and colonizing this new acquisition of territory if she would secure it for herself and protect her West Indies against foreign conquest. At the same time she was eagerly bent on solving the so-called Northern Mystery—the question as to whether or not somewhere across the northern continent there existed a strait connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific and thus affording a shorter sea-route to China. This explains why after the discovery of La Florida, which name then designated all the land indefinitely north of the Gulf of Mexico and west of the Atlantic Ocean, numerous Spanish expeditions set out to explore the vast unknown regions. Three of these expeditions penetrated to, and even beyond, the Mississippi River and therefore justify the claim that the distinction of having discovered our country's great waterway belongs to the Spaniards.

In 1519, Francisco de Garay, Governor of Jamaica, commissioned Alonzo Álvarez de Pinéda to explore the Florida coast. Having landed somewhere on the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico, De Pinéda sailed eastward and then southward to the extremity of the peninsula, which he was prevented from rounding, however, by the heavy storms that arose. Turning his four vessels back, he navigated along the entire Gulf coast, westward and southward, until he arrived somewhere near Tampico, Mexico, where he met Hernando Cortés, who was just beginning his perilous conquest of Mexico. It may have been in part this unexpected encounter that induced De Pinéda to retrace his course. Sailing north, he kept close to shore and "reached the mouth of a great river, supposed to be the Mississippi, where he found a large town, and on both sides of its banks, for a distance of six leagues up its course, some forty native villages. Here he remained forty days, careening his ships, and finding the natives well disposed and tractable."¹ The river he named Rio del Espiritus Santo (River of the Holy Ghost). This voyage

¹ Lowery, Woodbury: *Spanish Settlements in the United States, 1513-1574*, vol. i, pp. 148-151.

of exploration, which consumed nine months of continuous sailing, furnished for Spain conclusive evidence that Florida was not an island, as De León had supposed, but a peninsular; and, if the "great river" was really the Mississippi, this was the first time that a European got sight of, and sailed on, the mighty stream.

After two unsuccessful attempts to colonize Florida, made by De León in 1521 and by De Ayllon in 1523, a third expedition set out in 1528, headed by Pánfilo de Narváez. He had received from the Spanish crown a grant of land which was to extend from the Rio de las Palmas, in Mexico, all around the Gulf coast to the extremity of Florida. Accompanied by about six hundred colonists, De Narváez sailed from Cuba in February, 1528. Six secular priests and five Franciscans went along, the former as chaplains to the army and the latter as missionaries to the Indians. One of the Franciscans was Father Juan Suarez. He had been named "Bishop of Florida and Rio de las Palmas." This is the first episcopal appointment for any portion of what is now the United States. On Holy Thursday, April 14, the fleet anchored in Tampa Bay. After taking formal possession of the territory, De Narváez sent his vessels, carrying the women who had come with the expedition, westward along the coast, while he himself with the men followed by land in the same direction, at first keeping close to the shore and then penetrating farther inland. As a result, the two parties lost sight of each other; whereupon the vessels turned back and, after vainly spending a month in search of the men, sailed home without them.

Meanwhile, De Narváez and his three hundred followers, including Father Juan Suarez, Father De Palos, and three secular priests, had been pushing into the interior. By the end of August, the weary and famished explorers reached Apalachee Bay. Here five boats were built and, on September 22, the 240 survivors set sail along the coast in a westerly direction, hoping to reach Mexico. For over a month the frail boats were at the mercy of the stormy sea and generally out of hailing distance of one another. Early in November, the boat in command of Cabéza de Vaca came to a "broad river." The commander himself relates what happened. "We sailed that day until the middle of the afternoon when my boat, which was the first, discovered a point made by the land, and against a cape opposite, passed a broad river. I cast anchor near a little island, forming the point, to await the arrival of the other boats. The Governor (De Narváez) did not choose to come up, and entered a bay near by, in which there were a great many islets. We came together there, and took fresh water from the sea, the stream entering it in

freshet. To parch some of the maize we brought with us, since we had eaten it raw for two days, we went on an island; but finding no wood we agreed to go to the river beyond the point, one league off. By no effort could we get there, so violent was the current on the way, which drove us out, while we contended and strove to gain the land. The north wind, which came from the shore, began to blow so strongly that it forced us to sea without our being able to overcome it. We sounded half a league out, and found with thirty fathoms we could not get bottom; but we were unable to satisfy ourselves that the current was not the cause of failure. Toiling in this manner to fetch land, we navigated three days, and at the end of this time, a little before the sun rose, we saw smoke in several places along the shore. Attempting to reach them, we found ourselves in three fathoms of water, and in the darkness we dared not come to land; for as we had seen so many smokes, some surprise might lie in wait, and the obscurity leave us at a loss how to act. We determined therefore to stop until morning." Had the Spaniards landed, they might have met with friendly Indians, obtained minute information regarding the "board river," and eventually carried the news overland to Mexico where by this time Cortés had already gained a firm footing and the Franciscans were beginning to evangelize the natives. As it was, De Narváez decided "to stop until morning"; but, as the *Narrative* continues, "when day came, the boats had lost sight of each other."² Two boats were never heard of again; the other three met on the following afternoon and together continued in a westerly direction, still hoping to reach Mexico. But after four days another storm arose and again the boats were separated—this time forever. Of the 240 men who set sail on September 22 only four survived and eventually reached Mexico. One of these was Cabéza de Vaca. He was dashed to the shore somewhere west of the mouth of the Mississippi.³ Here he was taken captive by the Indians and subsequently lived eight years among the natives of eastern Texas and Louisiana. Finally, with the three other survivors, he succeeded in making his escape and reached Mexico on July 23, 1536. He at once proceeded to Spain for the purpose of obtaining a royal patent which would authorize him to colonize the

² *Narrative of Cabéza de Vaca*, critically edited by Frederick W. Hodge, in *Original Narratives of Early American History*.

³ Francis Parkman errs when, in his *Pioneers of New France* (chap. i), he makes Cabéza de Vaca cross "the Mississippi near Memphis" and journey "westward by the waters of the Argansas and the Red River to New Mexico." Cabéza never saw New Mexico, excepting, perhaps, the extreme southeastern corner.

territory where he had spent those eight years and from which he expected great things for himself and his country. But he arrived in Spain on August 9, 1537, only to find that Hernando de Soto had been appointed three months before by Emperor Charles to take over the governorship of Cuba and to colonize Florida. De Soto sought to enlist the services of De Vaca, but the latter declined when he remembered the treatment he had received at the hands of De Narváez.

Hernando De Soto is the first white man regarding whom we have clear and conclusive evidence that he not only sighted the Mississippi but also crossed the stream and explored the country westward along the Arkansas River into Oklahoma; while his successor in command, Luis de Moscosó, must be regarded as the first white man who cruised on the great River for any considerable distance. On April 6, 1538, nine months after De Vaca's arrival in Spain, De Soto weighed anchor in the Spanish harbor of San Lucar and on Whitsunday landed in Cuba. Here he spent a year visiting the island of which he was now governor and making the final preparations for his expedition to Florida. At last, on Sunday, May 18, 1539, his fleet of nine vessels, carrying six hundred men and more than two hundred horses, set sail and a week later reached the northern mainland. The eight secular priests accompanying the expedition were to serve as army chaplains, while the four friars (two Dominicans, one Trinitarian, and one Franciscan) were eventually to begin missionary work among the Indians. It was Pentecost Sunday when they sighted land; wherefore the beautiful bay—now Tampa Bay—was named Bahía del Espíritu Santo (Bay of the Holy Ghost). From here the nine vessels were sent back to Cuba with instructions to return at a certain time, laden with provisions. Thereupon De Soto and his army penetrated into the interior of the country, northward and eastward. "This was the beginning of three years of wandering," writes Bolton, "in the course of which De Soto and his men traversed Florida, Georgia, Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and Texas."⁴ It does not fall within the scope of this study to follow the Spaniards on this long and hazardous march. Suffice it to say that in skillful leadership, heroic endurance, and thrilling adventure, De Soto's expedition is easily comparable with that of Cortés in Mexico of Pizarro in Peru, and of Coronado in New Mexico.

⁴ Bolton, Dr. Herbert E.: *The Spanish Borderlands*, p. 51.

On December 17, 1540, the army by this time reduced to five hundred men, arrived at Chicaga, an Indian village in the present State of Mississippi, and remained there over winter till April 25, 1541, when they resumed the march and a week later reached a town in the Province of Quizquiz that bordered on the Mississippi River. "There was little maize in the place," the Gentleman of Elvas tells us,⁵ "and the Governor moved to another town, half a league (a mile and a half) from the great river where it was found in sufficiency. He went to look at the river (the Mississippi), and saw that near it was much timber, of which piraguas (barges) might be made, and a good situation in which the camp might be placed. He directly moved, built houses, and settled on a plain a crossbow-shot from the water, bringing together there all the maize of the towns behind, that at once they might go to work and cut down trees for sawing out planks to build barges." The site selected for the camp was probably near Lower Chicasaw Bluffs. To the Indians of this locality the great river was known as the Chucagua. Before long, two hundred canoes filled with armed Indians appeared off the camp. Divining the object of their visit, especially when their cacique refused to land and treat with the Spaniards, De Soto realized the importance of teaching the treacherous savages a lesson. In the skirmish that ensued five or six of the Indians were killed.

By the beginning of June four barges were ready for use. One fine morning, between two and seven o'clock, the barges could be seen plying to and fro across the river, bringing the Spaniards, a number at a time, to the opposite shore. Lewis, in his critical edition of the Elvas *Narrative*, notes that "the crossing was made either at Council Bend or Walnut Bend, in Tunica County, Mississippi, in a straight line some twenty-five to thirty-eight miles below Memphis."

Having reached the other side of the Mississippi River, at the southeastern extremity of St. Francis County, Arkansas, De Soto and his army set out on an extended tour of exploration, covering a period of ten months and bringing the Spaniards across the entire State of Arkansas into eastern Oklahoma. By the middle of April, 1542, they were back on the banks of the Mississippi and pitched camp at Guachoya, a deserted Indian village on the south bank of the Arkansas, near its confluence with the Mississippi.

⁵ The Gentleman of Elvas, by which name alone he is known in history, took part in this expedition and wrote the *Narrative* thereof. It is from this *Narrative*, as edited critically by G. H. Lewis in *Original Narratives of American History*, that the writer drew for facts regarding the De Soto expedition.

Whatever the motives and methods of the Spanish conqueror may have been in his daring enterprise, it must be said to his credit that he nobly shared every suffering and privation with his men; and that now, finding himself at a loss how to bring the army, by this time reduced to nearly half of its original number, back to home and civilization, he sincerely sympathized with their sad lot and perhaps even reproached himself for having exacted such sacrifices of them to satisfy his own ambition. Only for the deep melancholy that now gathered over him, the fever with which he was stricken shortly after arriving at Guachoya, would hardly have proved fatal so soon. As it was, his illness became alarming and, calling Luis de Moscóso to his bedside, he put him in command of the army. Then the intrepid conqueror knelt at the feet of one of the priests and went to confession—for the last time. That same day he surrendered his soul into the hands of his Maker. It was May 21, 1542, when he breathed his last, just a week before Pentecost Sunday, on which day, three years before his fleet cast anchor off the shores of Florida. To conceal his death from the pagan Indians, who regarded him and his men as children of the sun and therefore gods who could not die, the Spaniards consigned the remains of their leader to the silent waters of the Mississippi.

Though one purpose of De Soto's expedition as of most other Spanish expedition in the New World was to find lands rich in gold and pearls, this was by no means the only purpose, as some writers would have us believe. In the case of De Soto it is plain as day, from the *Elvas Narrative*, that the friars had full liberty, so far as circumstances allowed, to realize also *their* object in accompanying the expedition. Thus, in the spring of 1540, an Indian was baptized in Florida, after having received the necessary instructions during the preceding winter. This Indian remained faithful and was still with the Spaniards when they reached the Mississippi. It will interest the reader to know that he was named Peter and that his is the first recorded baptism within the present limits of the United States. Missionary work among the Indians must have continued throughout the journey westward. For, when Luis de Moscóso, as we shall hear presently, decided to return to Mexico with the survivors of the expedition, there were with the Spaniards five hundred Indians who "were all Christians of their own free will," as the Gentleman of Elvas puts it, that is to say, who were all instructed in the tenets of Christianity and were leading Christian lives, though as yet, for obvious reasons, deprived of the Sacrament of Baptism.

Luis de Moscóso, now in command, contemplated an overland journey to Mexico and for that reason, on June 5, 1542, set out with the army in a southwesterly direction. They got probably as far as the Brazos River in Young County, Texas. But pressed by hunger, misled by their guides, and harassed by warlike tribes, they at last decided to return to the great river and build boats, on which to sail down the stream to wherever it would bring them. Accordingly they retraced their steps and in December, 1542, came to the Mississippi and camped in an Indian village at the mouth of the Arkansas, apparently opposite Guachoya, whence they had started seven months before. Here, with the aid of the friendly Indians, they set to building barges. By the beginning of summer, seven were finished and in these on July 2, 1543, the 320 survivors began that perilous voyage of 720 miles down to the mouth of the Mississippi River. Two weeks of perils and thrills elapsed before they came in sight of the Gulf of Mexico. Continuing along the Gulf coast westward and southward, they, on September 10, 1543, reached the mouth of the Panúco River, on the eastern coast of Mexico. Before long they "saw Indians of both sexes in the apparel of Spain. Asking in what country they were, they received the answer in their own language, that it was the Río de Panúco (also Panúco), and that the town of the Christians was fifteen leagues (forty-five miles) inland. The pleasure that all received at this news can not be sufficiently expressed; they felt as though life had been newly given them. Many," the Gentleman of Elvas concludes, "leaping on shore, kissed the ground; and all, on bended knees, with hands raised above them, and their eyes to heaven, remained untiring in giving thanks to God."

The reader will doubtless have noticed that in the course of this study two of the Spanish conquerors, De Pinéda in 1519 and De Vaca in 1528, were said to have sighted at least the mouth of the Mississippi River twenty-two, resp. thirteen years before De Soto (1541), the man generally credited with the distinction of having discovered the great river. Who, then, it may be asked, is really the discoverer of the Mississippi River? The title can not be given to all three, because only one could have been the first to get sight of our country's mighty stream.

That the "great river" which De Pinéda saw in 1519 and named Río del Espíritu Santo and up the banks of which he sailed six leagues (eighteen miles) during the space of forty days, was the Mississippi, can hardly be regarded as probable. Indeed, there was a time when distinguished historians like Harris, Winsor, Shea, and Fiske, looked upon De Pinéda's "great river" as being the Missis-

issippi. But, as Ogg points out, it is more likely that what this Spanish navigator discovered and explored were Mobile Bay and Mobile River. "It is possible, of course," the same writer observes, "that Pinéda passed close by the Mississippi's mouth, but if he did, no genuinely trustworthy record of the fact has survived. In all probability he was utterly unaware of the great river's existence."⁶ That he sailed up the "great river" for a distance of eighteen miles, finding a large town at its mouth and forty villages on its banks, indicates quite plainly that he was not at the mouth of the Mississippi. The chronography of the region excludes the possibility of Indian villages having been located there.

The case of De Vaca, however, is quite different. That the "broad river" which he sighted nine years after the voyage of De Pinéda was really the Mississippi, is now accepted as a fact by the best authorities. The incidents and circumstances related at this point in his *Narrative* offer almost conclusive evidence in support of this opinion. Commenting on this "broad river" of De Vaca, Hodge is convinced that it was "the Mississippi, the waters of which were now seen by white men fourteen years before the 'discovery' of the stream by De Soto."⁷ Lowery thinks "it was probably the Mississippi River" which De Vaca sighted and mentions Buckingham Smith, Prince, and Davis as being of the same opinion."⁸ More emphatic is Ogg when, without further comment, he tells his readers that "the little vessel commanded by Cabéza De Vaca sailed out into the placid waters of the easternmost mouth of the Mississippi."⁹ Bolton says that it was "no doubt the Mississippi"¹⁰ and in another work conjointly by him and Marshall, when sketching the De Narváez expedition, declares simply that "after passing the mouth of the Mississippi, a storm arose, and all were wrecked on the coast of Texas."¹¹ What strikes one as very singular is the fact that, according to the *Elvas Narrative*, De Soto was apparently little surprised when he came in sight of the great stream. One should expect that he would have made much of the discovery. The fact is, however, that he conducted himself like one who knew all about the

⁶ Ogg, Frederick A.: *The Opening of the Mississippi*, p. 25.

⁷ Hodge, Frederick W.: *The Narrative of Cabéza de Vaca in Original Narratives of Early American History*, pp. 41, 8.

⁸ Lowery, Woodbury: *Spanish Settlements in the United States*, vol. i, p. 172.

⁹ Ogg, Frederick A.: *The Opening of the Mississippi*, p. 25.

¹⁰ Bolton, Dr. Herbert E.: *The Spanish Borderlands*, p. 24.

¹¹ Bolton & Marshall: *The Colonization of North America*, p. 41.

river's existence and whereabouts and was solely bent on getting across. If he was so informed, then there is every reason for believing that he got the information from De Vaca. The reader will remember that De Vaca spent eight years among the natives of the Mississippi region, wandering from tribe to tribe in the capacity of trader and medicine man. During this time he surely must have heard of the great river to the east and very probably also reached its banks a few hundred miles north of its mouth. When he arrived in Spain, in 1537, and found his own hopes of conquest in North America frustrated by the appointment of De Soto for that enterprise, he may have told De Soto all he knew of the lands he had visited and what he had seen and heard of the great river. This hypothesis is given new weight by the fact that De Vaca's sojourn in the western regions of what was then still known as La Florida is so frequently referred to in the *Elvas Narrative* of the De Soto expedition. Weighing this evidence and taking the term "to discover" in its modern and obvious meaning, namely, "to obtain for the first time sight or knowledge of, as of a thing existing already, but not perceived or known," then we must conclude that the distinction of having discovered the Mississippi belongs to De Vaca and not to De Soto. The latter, of course, was the first white man to cross the river and Moscóso the first white man to navigate it for any considerable distance. But the first white man to get "sight or knowledge of" it was De Vaca, one of the four survivors of the ill-fated De Narváez expedition.

Another expedition very frequently spoken of as having resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi River is the one of 1673, entrusted by the French Government to M. Louis Joliet just 131 years after the death of De Soto. This year being the 250th anniversary of the expedition, it is but just that it be given wide attention and made the occasion of elaborate festivities. Only for the enterprising and heroic spirit of Joliet and his companion, Father James Marquette, many a year might have yet elapsed before the Indians in the Mississippi valley would have received the blessings of Christianity and civilization. It was in very deed this first systematic exploration of the great river that opened new and fertile fields for the missionaries of New France and New Spain. When, as a result of that expedition, France became aware of the fact that the river emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, she realized her opportunity for territorial expansion; while Spain in turn was now compelled to occupy what she already claimed by right of discovery. For the Indians this proved most fortunate, inasmuch as it brought them under the sway

and influence of two nations which at that time were still Caholic and therefore disposed, though primarily for material gain, to aid and protect their respective missionaries.

While no one can deny the far-reaching importance of the 1673 expedition, it is another question whether it can be justly credited with the distinction of having discovered the Mississippi River, considering the incontestable fact that the Spaniards had sighted and sailed on the stream more than a hundred years before. Those who contend that Joliet and Marquette discovered the river, take the term "to discover" in its obsolete meaning of "to explore, examine, reconnoiter;" while others, like John Gilmary Shea are inconsistent, saying now that it was a discovery and then that it was an exploration.¹² Another question frequently discussed in this connection is the relative position of Joliet and Marquette in the voyage of 1673. Some hold that Joliet was the leader of the expedition, while others contend that it was Marquette. Both these interesting, and in a way also important, questions were discussed in two recent issues of *The Queen's Work*.¹³ In the June issue,¹⁴ Henry S. Spaulding, S. J., contended that not De Soto, but Marquette "merits to be called in the strict sense of the word the discoverer of the Mississippi." Accepting Fiske's and Winsor's definition of "to discover," he held with them that "two things are necessary to merit the title and honors of a discoverer. First, to find the land or country in question, and secondly, to establish permanent intercourse between the country discovered and the country which bestows the title of discoverer." As his minor premise he set forth the fact that the Spaniards did not fulfil the second requirement; and then he drew the conclusion as worded above. In the July issue of *The Queen's Work*, the same writer went a step farther, contending that in the French expedition of 1673 the leadership must be assigned to Mar-

¹² See his *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*, Preface, pp. xx, xlii, lxxi, lxxii, lxxix, lxxx.—For the use of a copy of this work the writer is indebted to Rev. Sabinus Mollitor, O. F. M., librarian at the friary in St. Louis, Mo.

¹³ June and July, 1923.

¹⁴ The article in this issue, entitled "Well, Who Did Discover the Mississippi," is almost entirely a reprint of the one which the same writer published in the now defunct *Messenger* (September, 1902, pp. 269-277), twenty-one years ago, under the title "Marquette and De Soto—Was Marquette a Discoverer?" This issue of the *Messenger* with Father Spaulding's discussion lay before the present writer when he wrote that series of articles on the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi River, which appeared recently in *The Western Catholic*.

quette, and not to Joliet. Though the latter was deputed by the government to undertake the expedition, it was from the Jesuit missionaries that the government "received by far the greater part of the information in regard to the Mississippi"; wherefore, the writer concluded, by implication at least, that Marquette was really the leader of the expedition to the great river, in 1673.

The line of argument followed in the latter contention will hardly convince the careful and critical reader. Whether the government obtained really "by far the greater part of the information in regard to the Mississippi" from the Jesuit missionaries, notwithstanding the extensive tours and frequent and at least oral reports made by the many fur-traders and voyageurs like Nicolet, Radisson and Groseilliers; and whether "none of this information came from Joliet"¹⁵ or was from personal experience possessed by Joliet who, according to Thwaites "appears to have spent much of his time for several years"¹⁶ in the regions of the upper Great Lakes . . . learning the numerous dialects of the Algonkins and their neighbors," who, to continue with Thwaites, "in both the Jesuit and official reports of the period . . . is always spoken of as a man of discretion, bravery, and unusual ability,"¹⁷ and "in the success of" whose voyage, as Father Dablon, S. J., writes, "nothing would have been left to be desired, if, after having passed through a thousand dangers, he had not unfortunately been wrecked in the very harbor . . . near Montreal,"¹⁸—it is hard to see what bearing all this has on the question at issue and how this question can be solved by referring to the source of information gathered regarding the Mississippi. The undeniable fact is, as Father Spalding himself put it, "Joliet was deputed by Frontenac to explore the vast regions of the West and to search for a large river of which wonderful accounts had reached Quebec. He went to decide upon the strategic and commercial value of the country. He went as a government official, a topographer, a surveyor. He was prepared by education and experience to fulfil the important trust committed to him. If he discovered the river he was to report what use could be made of it. Could forts be erected along its banks to act as a barrier to further extension of the English colonies? Could the Indians be gained over so that the French would enjoy the exclusive trade in their rich pelts"?¹⁹ With these instructions Joliet was to

¹⁵ *The Queen's Work*, July, 1923, p. 192.

¹⁶ Apparently from the spring of 1669 to the fall of 1672.

¹⁷ Thwaites, Ruben G.: *Father Marquette*, p. 125.

¹⁸ *Jesuit Relations* (Thwaites Edition), vol. 59, p. 89.

¹⁹ *The Queen's Work*, July, 1923, p. 179.

undertake the expedition, making "use of the information furnished by the missionaries"²⁰ and gathered by himself and other voyageurs. He was to stop at Mission San Ignace and take Father Marquette along, although the latter "had been only a few years on the mission," as Father Campbell, S. J., says, and "there were others among his associates who were apparently better qualified to accompany Joliet. . . . In the Providence of God they were set aside and the youngest and most inexperienced of all was chosen for the work."²¹ We must say, then, that the leader of the expedition in 1673 was Joliet, the man whom Frontenac in his *Memoir*²² characterized as having "experience in this kind of discovery" and having "already been near the great river, of which he promises to see the mouth," on which account he appointed him, as Talon had advised, to undertake the expedition.

This same opinion is held by E. D. Neill when he declares that Marquette "became his (Joliet's) companion, but had no official connection with the expedition, as erroneously mentioned by Charlevoix,"²³ the Jesuit historian of Canada. Similarly, when commenting on Father Dablon's reference to Joliet's appointment by the government, Thwaites says: "The wording of this passage (by Father Dablon) would indicate Joliet as the official leader of the expedition; but the authorities doubtless regarded Marquette as a valuable assistant to the enterprise, on account of his knowledge of the Indian tongues and the savage character, as well as of the information regarding the greater river which he had acquired while connected with the Ottawa missions."²⁴ John Gilmary Shea comes to the same conclusion when he comments on the above-mentioned words of Father Dablon.²⁵ Still more explicit is T. J. Campbell, S. J. Referring to Joliet's misadventure in the Lachine Rapids and the consequent doubt of the government as to his actually having been on the Mississippi River, Father Campbell writes: "It was, after all, the papers of Marquette which dispelled the doubts about the success of the expedition, and thus his name, and not Joliet's, is most frequently mentioned in connection with the great discovery,

²⁰ Ibidem, p. 179.

²¹ Campbell, T. J., S. J.: *Pioneer Priests of North America*, vol. iii, p. 167.

²² Quoted by J. G. Shea in his *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*, *Preface*, p. 28.

²³ In Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of North America*, vol. iv, p. 178.

²⁴ *Jesuit Relations* (Thwaites Edition), vol. 59, p. 307, note 15.

²⁵ See his *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*, p. 5.

though in reality Joliet was chief of the enterprise,"²⁶ Far be it from us to detract from the glory that surrounds the name of Father Marquette. His fame as a fearless explorer and saintly missionary is secure and well-merited. But whether it is historically correct to make him the leader of the 1673 expedition is a question that must be answered in the negative. After facing the recorded facts boldly, weighing them carefully, and presenting them clearly, accurately, and impartially, every historian will have to accept Father Campbell's verdict that "in reality Joliet was chief of the enterprise" in 1673.

Let us now turn to the other question and see whether the distinction of having discovered the Mississippi River belongs to the French expedition of 1673 rather than to one of the Spanish expeditions, 131, resp. 145, years before. As already indicated, Father Spalding discussed this question in the September, 1902, issue of the now defunct *Messenger* and republished the discussion in the June, 1923, issue of *The Queen's Work*.

In the course of thirty years (1513-1543), as we have seen, the Spaniards explored the entire coast of the Gulf of Mexico, traversed all our Gulf States from Florida and the Carolinas westward into Texas and Oklahoma, and gained definite knowledge of the existence and the course of the Mississippi River. Why, then, did Spain neglect to occupy the Mississippi region? Did she fail to realize the river's importance? Was its existence actually forgotten in the course of time? Obviously, on the answer to these questions hinges the answer to the one we are discussing, namely, whether or not we are justified in calling Joliet and Marquette the discoverers of the Mississippi.

By the time Spain obtained definite knowledge of the great river in La Florida, she had extended her sway far and wide over Mexico, Central and South America. These vast and rich territories, too, not less than La Florida, had now to be secured against French and English aggression and their resident natives won over both to Spanish rule and to Christianity and civilization. In this way it became absolutely necessary for Spain to call a halt in her policy of expansion and to intensify her activity in the New World by planting as many colonies as possible in the already acquired territories. It is easy to imagine what an enormous expense in men and money this involved. Hence, we find that, as regards the land lying north of the Gulf of Mexico, Spain's sole interest and energy, after the middle

²⁶ Campbell, T. J. S. J.: *Pioneer Priests of North America*, vol. iii, p. 180.

of the 16th century, was centered on the peninsula of Florida. With this comparatively small portion of the northern mainland colonized and its natives made loyal to the Spanish crown, not only the West Indies, but the entire Gulf region, including that of the Mississippi River, would be quite safe from foreign invasion and occupation. How long Spain would have continued this policy of intensive activity in the New World and, as a result, waited with the occupation and colonization of the Mississippi region, we have no way of determining. This much is certain, however, and all historians refer to it as a decisive factor in the shaping of Spain's New World policy after 1588. In that year, the reader will remember Spain suffered a great disaster in the defeat and complete destruction of the "Invincible Armada," which meant nothing less than the loss of her supremacy as a seapower. This alone suffices to explain why "by the end of the 16th century," as Ogg puts it, "the era of Ponce de Leon and Narvaez, of Coronado and De Soto, had passed,"²⁷ namely, the era of conquest and territorial expansion in what are now our southern border States. Spain was henceforth compelled to continue her policy of intensive rather than extensive activity also in these parts and for the time being content herself with the bare claim, by right of discovery, on the Mississippi region, postponing the work of its exploration and colonization until more favorable times or until foreign invasion should call for decisive action.

No one acquainted with the history of Spain in North America will accept the opinion that Spain failed to realize the importance of the Mississippi River and that in the course of time the river's existence and whereabouts had actually been forgotten. Passing over in silence the expedition of Tristan de Luna, in 1557, some of whose men may have reached the very banks of the Mississippi, there is ample reason for believing that the exploration and colonization of New Mexico, pursued so doggedly after 1598, included also the ultimate occupation of the Mississippi region. If the official instructions to Oñate and later governors of New Mexico did not mention this, it was but in accordance with Spain's policy of keeping the discovery and importance of the great river a secret. To publish it would have only whetted the appetite of France, already pushing westward through the Great Lakes region; and would thus have increased the difficulties, obstacles, and problems confronting the Spanish government in other parts of the New World. What Bourne says of the Spanish policy in general, applies also here; namely, that with the

²⁷ Ogg, Frederick, A.: *The Opening of the Mississippi*, p. 42.

accession of Philip II (1556) the government systematically endeavored "to prevent, so far as possible, the diffusion of knowledge in foreign countries of the wealth and resources of the king's possessions."²⁸

This policy of secrecy explains also why most maps and charts, published between 1540 and 1673, show the Mississippi as being a comparatively small river or as coursing westward and emptying into the Gulf of California. Thus, regarding Cabot's *mappemonde* of 1544, in Jomard, John Gilmary Shea remarks that this map "has always been supposed to be based on Spanish sources; but owing to the strict prohibition of publication in Spain, it was probably printed elsewhere,"²⁹ and, we may add, was consequently inaccurate in delineating the Mississippi. If all later maps are more or less faulty in this respect, it only goes to show how well Spain succeeded in keeping the river's whereabouts, length, and course a secret from the rest of Europe. Nevertheless, even these faulty maps must have given information regarding the great river to the Jesuit missionaries in the Great Lake region. In his *Relation* of 1673, sketching the Joliet expedition of that year, Father Dablon reports it as "certainly most probable that the river, which geographers trace, and call Saint Esprit, is the Mississippi, on which our French navigated."³⁰ In this connection we might refer also to the Campanius map. Though published as late as 1702, almost thirty years after Joliet's voyage of exploration, it still has the Mississippi River marked as a small stream. This goes to show that from the faulty maps and charts published between 1540 and 1673 a conclusive argument can hardly be drawn to prove that Spain had in the course of time forgotten about the Mississippi. Still weaker, in fact, quite beside the mark, is the argument *a pari*, drawn from a comparison between the discovery of the Mississippi by the Spaniards and the discovery of America by the Northmen. No one will maintain that the Mississippi was so generally and completely lost sight of as was the case with the alleged discovery by the Northmen. Spain possessed definite information regarding the great river and the rest of Europe so much as gradually leaked out despite Spain's policy to keep her information a secret. This is not true in the case of the Northmen, however, even granted that they touched on our Atlantic

²⁸ Bourne, E. G.: *Spain in America*, p. 246.

²⁹ See Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of North America*, vol. ii, p. 243.

³⁰ *Jesuit Relations* (Thwaites Edition), vol. 58, p. 103.

shores almost half a millenium before Columbus. Assuredly, no historian will put down the Discovery of America by the Northmen as enjoying the same incontestable certainty as the discovery of the Mississippi by the Spaniards.

Spain not only knew of the existence of the Mississippi but also realized its importance. This is clear from the history of Texas. As previously stated, up to the middle of the 17th century the Spanish government was consistenly little interested in occupying and colonizing her Mississippi claim. But as soon as it became known, in 1678, that France had undertaken to explore the river and, advised by the perfidious ex-Governor Peñalosa of New Mexico, was planning to occupy its southern banks, the Spanish government immediately be-stirred itself. It knew fully well that the occupation by France of the Mississippi with free passage into the Gulf of Mexico would endanger the Spanish possessions in Mexico, Florida, and the West Indies and prove a constant menace to her trade with these rich and flourishing colonies.

Considering all this and the definition of "to discover," it is hard to see how any one can reasonably deny the Spaniards the distinction of having discovered the Mississippi and ascribe it to the French expedition of 1673. Whether it was Cabéza De Vaca in 1528 or Hernando De Soto in 1541 who discovered, that is to say, obtained "for the first time sight or knowledge of" the Mississippi "as of a thing existing already, but not perceived or known," this question may still be a matter of just controversy. Not so, however, the fact that in either case the discovery of the river was the result of Spanish enterprise. At the same time, to be fair and accurate, we must say that it was the French expedition of 1673 which, under the leadership of Louis Joliet, undertook the first systematic exploration of the mighty stream known today by its Indian name as the Mississippi—the Great Water.

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OBSERVATIONS OF FATHER SPALDING

After noting Father Steck's learned article, rich with details of the Spanish explorations, Father Spalding writes:

We start out with different definitions of the word *discovery*. If Father Steck's definition is to be accepted literally, then the Sioux, the Dakotahs or some other of the Indian tribes discovered the Mississippi and the consideration of Marquette, De Soto and others is vain.

I prepared my article after long and careful study of the subject and have no changes to make. I think it quite proper that both articles be published. The reader will then have an opportunity to judge.

H. S. S.

NECROLOGY

HON. EDWARD OSGOOD BROWN.—Since the issuance of the last number of the ILLINOIS CATHOLIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, Hon. Edward Osgood Brown, former Justice of the Superior Court of Cook County and First Vice-President of the *Illinois Catholic Historical Society*, has been called to his reward. Judge Brown, himself a deep student of history and a rare scholar, was the first to take life membership in the Society and one of the most interested and valuable members. An appropriate sketch of his life and work will appear in a succeeding number.

WILLIAM F. RYAN.—William F. Ryan, whose sudden and untimely death occurred since the last number of the REVIEW was issued, was a member of the Board of Government of the *Illinois Catholic Historical Society*, a life member and a most proponent of the work of the Society. A future number will contain a sketch and memorial of our deceased co-worker.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO

FATHER MARQUETTE'S JOURNAL

[For the authenticity of facts stated by the several writers reference may be had to Father Marquette's own letter describing the journey.]

The day of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, whom I had always invoked since I have been in this Ottawa country, to obtain of God the grace to be able to visit the nations on the river Mississippi, was identically that on which M. Jollyet arrived with orders of the Comte de Frontenac, our governor, and M. Talon, our intendent, to make this discovery with me. I was the more enraptured at this good news, as I saw my designs on the point of being accomplished, and myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these nations, and particularly for the Illinois who had, when I was at Lapointe du St. Esprit, very earnestly entreated me to carry the word of God to their country.

We were not long in preparing our outfit, although we were embarking on a voyage the duration of which we could not foresee. Indian corn, with some dried meat, was our whole stock of provisions. With this we set out in two bark canoes, M. Jollyet, myself, and five men, firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise.

It was on the 17th of May, 1673, that we started from the mission of St. Ignatius at Michilimackinac, where I then was. Our joy at being chosen for this expedition roused our courage, and sweetened the labor of rowing from morning till night. As we were going to seek unknown countries, we took all possible precaution, that, if our enterprise was hazardous, it should not be foolhardy: for this reason we gathered all possible information from Indians who had frequented those parts, and even from their accounts traced a map of all the new country, marking down the rivers on which we were to sail, the names of the nations and places through which we were to pass, the course of the great river, and what direction we should take when we got to it.

Above all, I put our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her, that if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of conception; and that I would also give that name to the first mission which I should establish among those new nations, as I have actually done among the Illinois.

With all these precautions, we made our padles play merrily over a part of Lake Huron and that of the Illinois into the Bay of the Fetid. (Green Bay.)

WILD OATS IN INDIANS

The first nation that we met was that of Wild Oats. I entered their river to visit them, as we have preached the gospel to these tribes some years past, so that there are many good Christians among them.

The wild oats, from which they take their name as they are found in their country, are a kind of grass which grows spontaneously in little rivers with slimy bottoms, and in marshy places; they are very like the wild oats that grow up among our wheat. The ears are on stalks knotted at intervals; they rise above the water about the month of June, and keep rising till they float about two feet above it. The grain is not thicker than our oats, but is as long again, so that the meal is much more abundant.

The following is the manner in which the Indians gather it and prepare it for eating. In the month of September, which is the proper time for this harvest, they go in canoes across these fields of wild oats, and sake the ears on their right and left into the canoe as they advance; the grain falls easily if it is ripe, and in a little while their provision is made. To clear it from the chaff, and strip it of a pellicle in which it is enclosed, they put it to dry in the smoke of a wooden lattice, under which they keep up a small fire for several days. When the oats are well dried, they put them in a skin of the form of a bag, which is then forced into a hole made on purpose in the ground; then they tread it out so long and so well, that the grain being freed from the chaff is easily winnowed; after which they pound it to reduce it to meal, or even unpounded, boil it in water seasoned with grease, and in this way, wild oats are almost as palatable as rice would be when not seasoned.

I informed the people of the Wild Oats of my design of going to discover distant nations to instruct them in the mysteries of our Holy Religion; they were very much surprised, and did their best to dissuade me. They told me, that I would meet nations that never spare strangers, but tomohawk them without any provocation; that the war which had broken out among various nations on our route, exposed us to another evident danger—that of being killed by the war-parties which are constantly in the field; that the Great River is very dangerous, unless the difficult parts are known; that it was full

of frightful monsters who swallowed up men and canoes together; that there is even a demon there who can be heard from afar, who stops the passage and engulfs all who dare approach; lastly, that the heat is so excessive in those countries, that it would infallibly cause our death.

I thanked them for their kind advice, but assured them that I could not follow it, as the salvation of souls was concerned; that for them, I should be too happy to lay down my life; that I made light of their pretended demon, that we would defend ourselves well enough against the river-monsters; and, besides, we should be on our guard to avoid the other dangers with which they threatened us. After having made them pray and given them some instructions, I left them, and, embarking in our canoes, we soon after reached the extremity of the Bay of the Fetid, where our Fathers labor successfully in the conversion of these tribes, having baptized more than two thousand since they have been there.

This bay bears a name which has not so bad a meaning in the Indian language, for they call it rather Salt Bay than Fetid Bay, although among them it is almost the same, and this is also the name which they give to the sea. This induced us to make very exact researches to discover whether there were not in these parts some salt springs, as there are among the Iroquois, but we could not find any. We accordingly concluded that the name has been given on account of the quantity of slime and mud there, constantly exhaling noisome vapors which cause the loudest and longest peals of thunder that I ever heard.

The bay is about thirty leagues long, and eight wide at its mouth; it narrows gradually to the extremity; where it is easy to remark the tide which has its regular flow and ebb, almost like that of the sea. This is not the place to examine whether they are real tides, whether they are caused by the winds, or by some other age; whether there are winds, outriders of the moon, or attached to her suite, who consequently agitate the lake and give it a kind of flow and ebb, whenever the moon rises above the horizon. What I can certainly aver is, that when the water is quite tranquil, you can easily see it rise and fall with the course of the moon, although I do not deny that this movement may be caused by distant winds, which pressing on the center of the lake, make it rise and fall on the shore in the way that meets our eyes.

ON THE FOX RIVER

We left this bay to enter a river emptying into it. It is very beautiful at its mouth, and flows gently; it is full of bustards, ducks, teal, and other birds, attracted by the wild oats of which they are very fond, but when you have advanced a little up the river, it becomes very difficult, both on account of the currents and of the sharp rocks which cut the canoes and the feet of those who are obliged to drag them, especially when the water is low. For all that we passed the rapids safely, and as we approached Maskkoutens, the Fire nation, I had the curiosity to drink the mineral waters of the river which is not far from this town. I also took time to examine an herb, the virtue of which an Indian, who possessed the secret, had, with many ceremonies, made known to Father Alloues. Its root is useful against the bite of serpents, the Almighty having been pleased to give this remedy against a poison very common in the country. It is very hot, and has the taste of powder when crushed between the teeth. It must be chewed and put on the bite of the serpent. Snakes have such an antipathy to it, that they fly from one rubbed with it. It produces several stalks about a foot long, with pretty long leaves, and a white flower, much like the gillyflower. I put some into my canoe to examine it at leisure, while we kept on our way toward Maskkoutens, where we arrived on the 7th of June.

THE MASKKOUTEN INDIANS

Here we are then at Maskkoutens. This word in Algonquin, means Fire nation, and that is the name given to them. This is the limit of the discoveries made by the French, for they have not yet passed beyond it.

This town is made up of three nations gathered here, Miamis, Maskkoutens, and Kikabous. The first are more civil, liberal, and better made; they wear two long ear-locks, which give them a good appearance; they have the name of being warriors and seldom send out war parties in vain; they are very docile, listen quietly to what you tell them, and showed themselves so eager to hear Father Alloues when he was instructing them, that they gave him little rest, even at night. The Maskkoutens and Kikabous are ruder and more like peasants, compared to the others.

As bark for cabins is rare in this country, they use rushes, which serve them for walls and roof, but which are no great shelter against the wind, and still less against the rain when it falls in torrents. The

advantage of this kind of cabins is that they can roll them up, and carry them easily where they like in hunting-time.

When I visited them, I was extremely consoled to see a beautiful cross planted in the midst of the town, adorned with several white skins, red belts, bows and arrows, which these good people had offered to the Great Manitou (such is the name they give to God) to thank him for having had pity on them during the winter, giving them plenty of game when they were in great dread of famine.

I felt no little pleasure in beholding the position of this town; the view is beautiful and very picturesque, for from the eminence on which it is perched, the eye discovers on every side prairies spreading away beyond its reach, interspersed with thickets or groves of lofty trees. The soil is very good, producing much corn; the Indians gather also quantities of plums and grapes, from which good wine could be made, if they chose.

No sooner had we arrived than M. Jolliet and I assembled the Sachems; he told them that he was sent by our governor to discover new countries, and I, by the Almighty, to illumine them with the light of the gospel; that the Sovereign Master of our lives wished to be known by all nations, and that to obey his will I did not fear death, to which I exposed myself in such dangerous voyages; that we needed two guides to put us on our way, these, making them a present, we begged them to grant us. This they did very civilly, and even proceeded to speak to us by a present, which was a mat to serve us as a bed on our voyage.

The next day, which was the tenth of June, two Miamis whom they had given us as guides, embarked with us, in the sight of a great crowd, who could wonder enough to see seven Frenchmen alone in two canoes, dare to undertake so strange and so hazardous an expedition.

We knew that there was, three leagues from Maskoutens, a river emptying into the Mississippi; we knew, too, that the point of the compass we were to hold to reach it, was the west-southwest; but the way is cut up by marshes and little lakes, that it is easy to go astray, especially as the river leading to it is so covered with wild oats, that you can hardly discover the channel. Hence, we had good need of our two guides, who led us safely to a portage of twenty-seven hundred paces, and helped us to transport our canoes to enter this river, after which they returned, leaving us alone in an unknown country, in the hands of Providence.

ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER

We now leave the waters which flow to Quebec, a distance of four or five hundred leagues, to follow those which will henceforth lead us into strange lands. Before embarking, we all began together a new devotion to the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, which we practiced every day, addressing her particular prayers to put under her protection both our persons and the success of our voyage. Then after having encouraged one another, we got into our canoes. The river on which we embarked is called Meskousing; it is very broad, with a sandy bottom, forming many shallows, which render navigation very difficult. It is full of vine-clad islets. On the banks appear fertile lands diversified with wood, prairie, and hill. Here you find oaks, walnut, whitewood, and another kind of tree with branches armed with long thorns. We saw no small game or fish, but deer and moose in considerable numbers.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

Our route was southwest, and after sailing about thirty leagues, we perceived a place which had all the appearance of an iron mine, and in fact, one of our party who had seen some before, averred that the one we had found was very good and very rich. It is covered with three feet of good earth, very near a chain of rock, whose base is covered with fine timber. After forty leagues on this same route, we reached the mouth of our river, and finding ourselves at $42\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north, we safely entered the Mississippi on the 17th of June, with a joy that I can not express.

Here then we are on this renowned river, of which I have endeavored to remark attentively all the peculiarities. The Mississippi River has its source in several lakes in the country of the nations to the north; it is narrow at the mouth of the Miskousing; its current, which runs south, is slow and gentle; on the right is a considerable chain of very high mountains, and on the left fine lands; it is in many places studded with islands. On sounding, we have found ten fathoms of water. Its breadth is very unequal; it is sometimes three-quarters of a league, and sometimes narrows in to three arpents (22 yards). We gently follow its course, which bears south and south-east till the forty-second degree. Here we perceive that the whole face is changed; there is now almost no wood or mountain, the islands are more beautiful and covered with finer trees; we see nothing but deer and moose, bustards and wingless swans, for they shed their

plumes in this country. From time to time we meet monstrous fish, one of which struck so violently against our canoe, that I took it for a large tree about to knock us to pieces. Another time we perceived on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wild cat's, a beard and ears erect, a grayish head and neck all black. We saw no more of them. On casting our nets, we have taken sturgeon and a very extraordinary kind of fish; it resembles a trout with this difference, that it has a larger mouth, but smaller eyes and snout. Near the latter is a large bone, like a woman's busk, three fingers wide, and a cubit long; the end is circular and as wide as the hand. In leaping out of the water the weight of this often throws it back.

BUFFALO

Having descended as far as 41 degrees, 28 min., following the same direction, we find that turkeys have taken the place of game, and the pisikitus, or wild cattle, that of other beasts. We call them wild cattle, because they are like our domestic cattle; they are not longer, but almost as big again, and more corpulent; our men having killed one, three of us had considerable trouble in moving it. The head is very large, the forehead flat and a foot and a half broad between the horns, which are exactly like those of our cattle, except that they are black and much larger. Under the neck there is a kind of large crop hanging down, and on the back a pretty high hump. The whole head, the neck, and part of the shoulders, are covered with a great mane like a horse's; it is a crest a foot long, which renders them hideous, and falling over their eyes, prevents their seeing before them. The rest of the body is covered with a course surly hair like the wool of our sheep, but much stronger and thicker. It falls in summer, and the skin is then as soft as velvet. At this time the Indians employ the skins to make beautiful robes, which they paint of various colors; the flesh and fat of the Pisikious are excellent, and constitute the best dish in banquets. They are very fierce, and not a year passes without their killing some Indian. When attacked, they take a man with their horns, if they can, lift him up, and then dash him on the ground, trample on him, and kill him. When you fire at them from a distance with gun or bow, you must throw yourself on the ground as soon as you fire, and hide in the grass; for, if they perceive the one who fired, they rush on him and attack him. As their feet are large and rather short, they do not generally go very fast, except when they are irritated. They are scattered over the prairies like herds of cattle. I have seen a band of four hundred.

We advanced constantly, but as we did not know where we were going, having already made more than a hundred leagues without having discovered anything but beasts and birds, we kept well on our guard. Accordingly we make only a little fire on the shore at night to prepare our meal, and after supper keep as far off from it as possible far from the bank. Even this did not prevent one of us being always as a sentinel for fear of a surprise.

Proceeding south and south-west, we find ourselves at 41 degrees north; then 40 degrees and some minutes, partly by southeast and partly by southwest, after having advanced more than sixty leagues since entering the river, without discovering anything.

AT THE PEORIA INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE DES MOINES RIVER

At last, on the 25th of June, we perceived footprints of men by the water-side, and a beaten path entering a beautiful prairie. We stopped to examine it, and concluding that it was a path leading to some Indian village, we resolved to go and reconnoitre; we accordingly left our canoes in charge of our people, cautioning them strictly to beware of a surprise; then M. Jolliet and I undertook this rather hazardous discovery for two single men, who thus put themselves at the discretion of an unknown and barbarous people. We followed the little path in silence, and having advanced about two leagues, we discovered a village on the banks of the river, and two others on a hill, half a league from the former. Then, indeed, we recommended ourselves to God, with all our hearts; and, having implored his help, we passed on undiscovered, and came so near that we even heard the Indians talking. We then deemed it time to announce ourselves, as we did by a cry, which we raised with all our strength, and then halted without advancing any further. At this cry the Indians rushed out of their cabins, and having probably recognized us as French, especially seeing a black gown, or at least having no reason to distrust us, seeing we were but two, and had made known our coming, they deputed four old men to come and speak with us. Two carried tobacco-pipes well adorned, and trimmed with many kinds of feathers. They marched slowly, lifting their pipes toward the sun, as if offering them to him to smoke, but yet without uttering a single word. They were a long time coming the little way from the village to us. Having reached us at last, they stopped to consider us attentively. I now took courage, seeing these ceremonies, which are used by them only with friends, and still more on seeing them covered with stuffs, which made me judge them to be

allies. I, therefore, spoke to them first, and asked them who they were; they answered that they were Illinois and, in token of peace, they presented their pipes to smoke. Then they invited us to their village where all the tribe awaited us with impatience. These pipes for smoking are called in the country calumets, a word that is so much in use, that I shall be obliged to employ it in order to be understood, as I shall have to speak it frequently.

At the door of the cabin in which we were to be received, was an old man awaiting us in a very remarkable posture; which is their usual ceremony in receiving strangers. This man was standing, perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised toward the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which nevertheless passed through his fingers to his face. When we came near him he paid us this compliment; "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us. All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." He then took us into his, where there was a cowl of people, who devoured us with their eyes, but kept profound silence. We heard, however, these words occasionally addressed to us: "Well done, brothers, to visit us."

As soon as we had taken our places, they showed us the usual civility of the country, which is to present the calumet. You must not refuse it, unless you would pass for an enemy, or at least for being impolite. It is, however, enough to pretend to smoke. While all the men smoked after us to honor us, some came to invite us on behalf of the great sachem of all the Illinois to proceed to his town, where he wished to hold a council with us. We went with a good retinue, for all the people who had never seen a Frenchman among them could not tire looking at us; they threw themselves on the grass by the wayside, they ran ahead, then turned and walked back to see us again. All this was done without noise, and with marks of a great respect entertained for us.

THE MEETING DESCRIBED BY LONGFELLOW IN "HIAWATHA"

Having arrived at the great sachem's town, we espied him at his cabin-door, between two old men, all three standing naked, with their calumet turned to the sun. He harangued us in few words, to congratulate us on our arrival, and then presented us his calumet and made us smoke; at the same time we entered his cabin, when we received all their usual greetings. Seeing all assembled and in silence, I spoke to them by four presents which I made: by the first, I said that we marched in peace to visit the nations on the river to the sea;

by the second, I declared to them that God their Creator had pity on them, since, after their having been so long ignorant of him, he wished to become known to all nations; that I was sent on His behalf with this design; that it was for them to acknowledge and obey Him; by the third, that the great chief of the French informed them that he spread peace everywhere, and had overcome the Iroquois. Lastly, by the fourth, we begged them to give us all the information they had of the sea, and of the nations through which we should have to pass to reach it.

When I had finished my speech, the sachem rose, and laying his hands on the head of a little slave, whom he was about to give us, spoke thus: "I thank thee, Blackgown, and thee, Frenchman," addressing M. Jollyet, "for taking so much pains to come and visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright, as today; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed; nor has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it today. Here is my son, that I give thee, that thou mayst know my heart. I pray thee take pity on me and all my nations. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all; thou speakest to him and hearest his word; ask him to give me life and health, and come and dwell with us, that we may know him." Saying this, he placed the little slave near us, and made us a second present, an all-mysterious calumet, which they value more than a slave; by this present he showed us his esteem for our governor, after the account we had given him; by the third, he begged us, on behalf of his whole nation, not to proceed further, on account of the great dangers to which we exposed ourselves.

I replied, that I did not fear death, and that I esteemed no happiness greater than that of losing my life for the glory of Him who made all. But these poor people could not understand.

The council was followed by a great feast which consisted of four courses, which we had to take with all their ways; the first course was a great wooden dish full of Sagamity, that is to say, of Indian meal boiled in water and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies, with a spoonful of sagamity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we would do with a little child; he did the same to M. Jollyet. For the second course, he brought in a second dish containing three fish; he took some pains to remove the bones, and having blown upon it to cool it, put it in my mouth, as we would food to a bird; for the third course, they produced a large dog, which they had just killed, but learning that we did not eat it, it was withdrawn.

Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild ox, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths.

After this feast we had to visit the whole village, which consists of full three hundred cabins. While we marched through the streets, an orator was constantly haranguing to oblige all to see us without being troublesome; we were everywhere presented with belts, garters, and other articles made of the hair of the bear and wild cattle, dyed red, yellow, and gray. These are their rareties; but not being of consequence, we did not burden ourselves with them.

We slept in the sachem's cabin, and the next day took leave of him, promising to pass back through his town in four moons. He escorted us to our canoes with nearly six hundred persons, who saw us embark, evincing in every possible way the pleasure our visit had given them. On taking leave, I personally promised that I would return the next year to stay with them, and instruct them. But before leaving the Illinois country, it will be well to relate what I remarked of their customs and manners.

THE ILLINOIS INDIANS

To say Illinois is, in their language, to say "the men," as if other Indians compared to them were mere beasts. And it must be admitted that they have an air of humanity that we had not remarked in the other nations that we had seen on the way. The short stay I made with them did not permit me to acquire all the information I would have desired. The following is what I have remarked in their manners. They are divided into several villages, some of which are quite distant from that of which I speak, and which is called Peouarea. This produces a diversity in their language which in general has a great affinity to the Algonquin, so that we easily understood one another. They are mild and tractable in their disposition, as we experienced in the reception they gave us. They have many wives, of whom they are extremely jealous; they watch them carefully, and cut off their nose or ears when they do not behave well; I saw several who bore the marks of their infidelity. They are well formed, nimble, and very adroit in using the bow and arrow; they use guns also, which they buy of our Indian allies who trade with the French; they use them especially to terrify their enemies by the noise and smoke, the others lying too far to the west, have never seen them, and do not know their use. They are war-like and formidable to distant nations in the south and west, where they go to carry off slaves, whom they make an article of trade, selling them at a high price to other nations for goods.

The distant nations against whom they go to war, have no knowledge of Europeans; they are acquainted with neither iron or copper, and have nothing but stone knives. When the Illinois set out on a war party, the whole village is notified by a loud cry made at the door of their huts the morning and evening before they set out. The chiefs are distinguished from the soldiers by their wearing a scarf ingeniously made of the hair of bears and wild oxen. The face is painted with red lead or ochre, which is found in great quantities a few days' journey from the village. They live by game, which is abundant in this country, and on Indian corn, of which they always gather a good crop, so that they have never suffered by famine. They also sow beans and melons, which are excellent, especially those with a red seed. Their squashes are not the best; they dry them in the sun, to eat in the winter and spring.

Their cabins are very large; they are lined and floored with rush-mats. They make all their dishes of wood, and their spoons of the bones of the buffalo, which they cut so well, that it serves them to eat their sagamity easily.

They are liberal in their maladies, and believe that the medicines given them operate in proportion to the presents they have made the medicineman. Their only clothes are skins; their women are always dressed very modestly and decently, while the men do not take any pains to cover themselves. Through what superstition I know not, some Illinois, as well as some Nadouessi, while yet young, assume the female dress, and keep it all their life. There is some mystery about it, for they never marry, and glory in debasing themselves to do all that is done by women; yet they go to war, though allowed to use only a club, and not the bow and arrow, the peculiar arm of men; they are present at all the juggleries and solemn dances in honor of the calumet; they are permitted to sing, but not to dance; they attend the councils, and nothing can be decided without their advice; finally, by the profession of an extraordinary life, they pass for manitous (that is, for *genii*), or persons of consequence.

THE CALUMET, A PIPE

It now only remains for me to speak of the calumet, than which there is nothing among them more mysterious or more esteemed. Men do not pay to the crowns and sceptres of kings the honor they pay to it; it seems to be the god of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death. Carry it about you and show it, and you can march fearlessly amid enemies, who even in the heat of battle lay down their arms

when it is shown. Hence the Illinois gave me one, to serve as my safeguard amid all the nations that I had to pass on my voyage. There is a calumet for peace, and one for war, distinguished only by the color of the feathers with which they are adorned, red being the sign of war. They use them also for settling disputes, strengthening alliances and speaking to strangers.

It is made of polished red stone, like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane, and pierced in the middle; it is ornamented with the head and neck of different birds of beautiful plumage; they also add large feathers of red, green, and other colors, with which it is all covered. They esteem it particularly because they regard it as the calumet of the sun; and in fact, they present it to him to smoke when they wish to obtain calm, or rain, or fair weather. They scruple to bathe at the beginning of summer, or to eat new fruits, till they have danced it. They do it thus:

THE DANCE OF THE CALUMET

The calumet dance which is very famous among these Indians, is performed only for important matters, sometimes to strengthen a peace or to assemble for some great war; at other times for a public rejoicing; sometimes they do this honor to a nation who is invited to be present; sometimes they use it to receive some important personage, as if they wished to give him the entertainment of a ball or comedy. In winter the ceremony is performed in a cabin, in summer in the open fields. They select a place, surrounded with trees, so as to be sheltered beneath their foliage against the heat of the sun. In the middle of the space they spread out a large party-colored mat of rushes; this serves as a carpet, on which to place with honor the god of the one who gives the dance; for every one has his own god, or manitou, as they call it, which is a snake, a bird, or something of the kind, which they have dreamed in their sleep, and in which they put all their trust for the success of their wars, fishing, and hunts. Near this manitou and at its right, they put the calumet in honor of which the feast is given, making around about it a kind of trophy, spreading there the arms used by the warriors of these tribes, namely, the war-club, bow, hatchet, quiver, and arrows.

Things being thus arranged, and the hour for dancing having arrived, those who are to sing take the most honorable place under the foliage. They are the men and women who have the finest voices, and who accord perfectly. The spectators then come and take their

places around under the branches; but each one on arriving must salute the manitou, which he does by inhaling the smoke and then puffing it from his mouth upon it, as if offering incense. Each one goes first and takes the calumet respectfully, and supporting it with both hands, makes it dance in cadence, suiting himself to the air of the song; he makes it go through various figures, sometimes showing it to the whole assembly by turning it from side to side.

After this, he who is to begin the dance appears in the midst of the assembly, and goes first; sometimes he presents it to the sun, as if he wished it to smoke; sometimes he inclines it towards the earth; and at other times he spreads its wings as if for it to fly; at other times, he approaches it to the mouths of the spectators for them to smoke, the whole in cadence. This is the first scene of the ballet.

The second consists in a combat, to the sound of a kind of drum, which succeeds the songs, or rather joins them, harmonizing quite well. The dancer beckons to some brave to come and take the arms on the mat, and challenges him to fight to the sound of the drums; the other approaches, takes his bow and arrow, and begins a duel against the dancer who has no defence but the calumet. This spectacle is very pleasing, especially as it is always done in time, for one attacks, the other defends; one strikes, the other parries; one flies, the other pursues, then he who fled faces and puts his enemy to flight. This is all done so well with measured steps, and the regular sound of voices and drums, that it might pass for a very pretty opening of a ballet in France.

The third scene consists of a speech delivered by the holder of the calumet, for the combat being ended without bloodshed, he relates the battles he was in, the victories he has gained; he names the nations, the places, the captives he has taken, and as a reward, he who presides at the dance presents him with a beautiful beaver robe, or something else, which he receives, and then he presents the calumet to another, who hands it to a third, and so to all the rest, till all having done their duty, the presiding chief presents the calumet itself to the nation invited to this ceremony in token of the eternal peace which shall reign between the two tribes.

The following is one of the songs which they are accustomed to sing; they give it a certain expression, not easily represented by notes, yet in this all its grace consists:

“Ninahani, ninahani, ninahani,
Naniongo.”

We take our leave of our Illinois about the end of June, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and embark in sight of all the tribe, who admire our little canoes, having never seen the like.

We descend, following the course of the river, toward another called Pekitanoui, which empties into the Mississippi, coming from the northwest, of which I have something considerable to say, after I have related what I have remarked of this river.

Passing by some pretty high rocks which line the river, I perceived a plant which seemed to me very remarkable. Its root is like small turnips linked together by little fibres, which had the taste of carrots. From this root springs a leaf as wide as the hand, half of a finger thick with spots in the middle; from this leaf spring other leaves like the sockets of chandeliers in our saloons. Each leaf bears five or six bell-shaped yellow flowers. We found abundance of mulberries, as large as the French, and a small fruit which we took at first for olives, but it had the taste of an orange, and another as large as a hen's egg; we broke it in half and found two separations, in each of which were encased eight or ten seed shaped like an almond, which are quite good when ripe. The tree which bears them has, however, a very bad smell, and its leaf resembles that of a walnut. There are also in the prairies, fruit, resembling our filberts, but more tender; the leaves are larger, and spring from a stalk crowned at the top with a head like a sunflower, in which all those nuts are neatly arranged; they are very good cooked raw.

THE PAINTED MONSTERS OPPOSITE ALTON

As we coasted along rocks frightful for their height and length, we saw two monsters painted on one side of these rocks, which startled us at first, and on which the boldest Indian dare not gaze long. They are as large as a calf, with horns on the head like a deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man's, the body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it twice makes the turn of the body, passing over the head and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish's tail. Green, red, and a kind of black, are the colors employed. On the whole, these two monsters are so well painted, that we could not believe any Indian to have been the designer, as good painters in France would find it hard to do as well; besides this, they are so high upon the rock that it is hard to get conveniently at them to paint them. This is pretty nearly the figure of these monsters, as N drew it off. (Drawing on margin of original letter.)

THE MISSOURI RIVER

As we were discoursing of them, sailing gently down a beautiful, still, clear water, we heard the noise of a rapid into which we were about to fall. I have seen nothing more frightful; a mass of large trees, entire, with branches, real floating islands, came rushing from the mouth of the river Pekitanoui, so impetuously, that we could not, without danger, expose ourselves to pass across. The agitation was so great that the water was all muddy and could not get clear.

Pekitanoui is a considerable river which coming from very far in the northwest, empties into the Mississippi. Many Indian towns are ranged along this river, and I hope, by its means, to make the discovery of the Red, or California sea.

We judged by the direction the Mississippi takes, that if it keeps on the same course it has its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico; it would be very advantageous to find that which leads to the South sea, toward California and this, as I said, I hope to find by Pekitanoui, following the account which the Indians have given me; for from them I learn that advancing up this river for five or six days, you come to a beautiful prairie twenty or thirty leagues long, which you must cross to the northwest. It terminated at another little river on which you can embark, it not being difficult to transport canoes over so beautiful a country as that prairie. This second river runs southwest for ten or fifteen leagues, after which it enters a small lake, which is the source of another deep river, running to the west where it empties into the sea. I have hardly any doubt that this is the Red sea, and I do not despair of one day making the discovery, if God does me the favor and grants me health, in order to be able to publish the *pospel* to all the nations of this new world who have so long been plunged in heathen darkness.

Let us resume our route after having escaped as best we could, the dangerous rapid caused by the obstacle of which I have spoken.

THE OHIO RIVER FORMERLY CALLED THE OUBAKA-WABASH

After having made about twenty leagues due south, and a little less to the southeast, we came to a river called Ouaboukigou, the mouth of which is 36 degrees north. Before we arrived there, we passed by a place dreaded by the Indians, because they think that there is a manitou there, that is, a demon who devours all who pass, and of this it was, that they had spoken, when they wished to deter us from our enterprise. The devil is this—a small bay, full of rock, some twenty feet high, where the whole current of the river is whirled; hurled back

against that which follows, and checked by a neighboring island, the mass of water is forced through a narrow channel; all of this is not done without a furious combat of the waters tumbling over each other, nor without a great roaring, which strikes terror into Indians who fear everything. It did not prevent our passing and reaching Sabokigo. This river comes from the country on the east, inhabited by the people called Chaouanons, in such numbers that they reckon as many as twenty-three villages in one district, and fifteen in another, lying quite near each other; they are by no means warlike, and are the people the Iroquois go far to seek in order to wage an unprovoked war upon them; and, as these poor people can not defend themselves, they allow themselves to be taken and carried off like sheep, and innocent as they are, do not fail to experience, at times, the barbarity of the Iroquois, who burn them cruelly.

A little above this river of which I have just spoken, are cliffs where our men perceived an iron mine, which they deemed very rich; there are many veins, and a bed a foot thick. Large masses are found combined with pebbles. There is also there a kind of unctuous earth of three colors, purple, violet, and red, the water in which it is washed becomes blood-red. There is also a very heavy, red sand; I put some on a paddle, and it took the color so well, that the water did not afface it for fifteen days that I used it in rowing.

Here we began to see canes, or large reeds on the banks of the river; they are of a very beautiful green; all the knots are crowned with long narrow, pointed leaves; they are very high, and so thick-set, that the wild cattle find it difficult to make their way through them.

LEGIONS OF MOSQUITOES

Up to the present time we had not been troubled by mosquitoes, but we now, as it were, entered their country. Let me tell you what the Indians of these parts do to defend themselves against them. They raise a scaffolding, the floor of which is made of simple poles, and consequently a mere grate-work to give passage to the smoke of a fire which they build beneath. This drives off the little animals, as they can not bear it. The Indians sleep on the poles, having pieces of bark stretched above them to keep off the rain. This scaffolding shelters them, too, from the excessive and insupportable heat of the country; for they lie in the shade in the lower story, and are thus sheltered from the rays of the sun, enjoy the cool air which passes freely through the scaffold.

With the same view we were obliged to make on the water a kind of cabin with our sails, to shelter ourselves from the mosquitoes and the sun. While thus borne on at the will of the current, we perceived on the shore Indians armed with guns, with which they awaited us. I first presented my feathered calumet, while my comrades stood to arms, ready to fire on the first volley of the Indians. I hailed them in Huron, but they answered me by a word, which seemed to us a declaration of war. They were, however, as much frightened as ourselves, and what we took for a signal of war, was an invitation to come near, that they might give us food; we accordingly landed and entered their cabins, where they presented us wild-beef and bear's oil, with white plums, which are excellent. They have guns, axes, hoes, knives, beads, and double glass bottles in which they keep the powder. They wear their hair long and mark their bodies in the Iroquois fashion; the head-dress and clothing of their women were like those of the Huron squaws.

FRIENDLY INDIANS

They assured us that it was not more than ten days' journey to the sea; that they bought stuffs and other articles of Europeans on the eastern side; that these Europeans had rosaries and pictures; that they played on instruments; that some were like me, who received them well. I did not, however, see any one who seemed to have received any instructions in the faith; such as I could, I gave them with some medals.

HOSTILE INDIANS

This news roused our courage and made us take up our paddles with renewed ardor. We advanced then, and now begin to see less prairie land, because both sides of the river are lined with lofty woods. The cotton-wood, elm and white-wood, are of admirable height and size. The numbers of wild cattle we heard bellowing, made us believe the prairies near. We also saw quails on the water's edge, and killed a little parrot with half the head red, the rest, with the neck, yellow, and the body green. We had now descended to near 33 degrees north, having almost always gone south, when on the water's edge we perceived a village called Mitchigamea. We had recourse to our patroness and guide, the Blessed Virgin Immaculate; and, indeed, we needed her aid, for we heard from afar the Indians exciting one another to the combat by continued yells. They were armed with bows, arrows, axes, war-clubs, and buckles, and prepared to attack

us by land and water; some embarked in large wooden canoes, a part to ascend, the rest to descend the river, so as to cut off our way, and surround us completely. Those on shore kept going and coming, as if to begin the attack. In fact, some young men sprang into the water to come and seize my canoe, but the current having compelled them to return to the shore, one of them threw his war-club at us, but it passed over our heads without doing us any harm. In vain I showed the calumet, and made gestures to explain that we had not come as enemies. The alarm continued, and they were about to pierce us from all sides with their arrows, when God suddenly touched the hearts of the old men on the water-side, doubtless at the sight of our calumet, which at a distance they had not distinctly recognized; but as I showed it continually, they were touched, restrained the ardor of their youth, and two of the chiefs having thrown their bows and quivers into our canoe, and as it were, at our feet, entered and brought us to the shore, where we disembarked, not without fear on our part. We had at first to speak by signs, for not one understood a word of the six languages I knew; at last an old man was found who spoke a little Illinois.

We showed them our presents, that we were going to the sea; they perfectly understood our meaning, but I know not whether they understood what I told them of God, and the things which concerned their salvation. It is a seed cast in the earth which will bear its fruits in season. We got no answer, except that we would learn all we desired at another great village called Akamsea, only eight or ten leagues farther down the river. They presented us with sagamity and fish, and we spent the night among them, not, however, without some uneasiness.

AT THE ARKANSAS

We embarked next morning with our interpreter, preceded by ten Indians in a canoe. Having arrived about half a league from Akamsea (Arkansas), we saw two canoes coming toward us. The commander was standing up holding in his hand the calumet, with which he made signs according to the custom of the country; he approached us, singing quite agreeably, and invited us to smoke, after which he presented us some sagamity and bread made of Indian corn, of which we ate a little. He now took the lead, making us signs to follow slowly. Meanwhile, they had prepared us a place under the war-chief's scaffold; it was neat and carpeted with fine rush mats, on which they made us sit down, having around us immediately the

sachems, then the braves, and last of all, the people in crowds. We fortunately found among them a young man who understood Illinois much better than the interpreter whom we had brought from Mitchigamea. By means of him I first spoke to the assembly by the ordinary presents; they admired what I told them of God, and the mysteries of our holy faith, and showed a great desire to keep me with them to instruct them.

We then asked them what they knew of the sea; they replied that we were ten days' journey from it (we could have made this distance in five days.; that they did not know the nations who inhabited it, because their enemies prevented their commerce with those Europeans; that the hatchets, knives, and beads, which we saw, were sold them, partly by the nations to the east, and partly by an Illinois town four days' journey to the west; that the Indians with fire-arms whom we had met, were their enemies who cut off their passage to the sea, and prevented their making the acquaintance of the Europeans, or having any commerce with them; that, besides, we should expose ourselves greatly by passing on, in consequence of the continual war-parties that their enemies sent out on the river; since being armed and used to war, we could not, without evident danger, advance on that river which they constantly occupy.

During this converse, they kept continually bringing us in wooden dishes of sagamity, Indian corn whole, or pieces of dog-flesh; the whole day was spent in feasting.

These Indians are very courteous and liberal of what they have, but they are very poorly off for food, not daring to go and hunt the wild-cattle, for fear of their enemies. It is true, they have Indian corn in abundance, which they sow at all seasons; we saw some ripe; more just sprouting, and more just in the ear, so that they sow three crops a year. They cook it in large earthen pots, which are very well made; they have also plates of baked earth, which they employ for various purposes; the men go naked, and wear their hair short; they have the nose and ears pierced, and beads hanging from them. The women are dressed in wretched skins; they braid their hair in two plaits, which falls behind their ears; they have no ornaments to decorate their persons. Their banquets are without any ceremonies; they serve their meats in large dishes, and every one eats as much as he pleases, and they give the rest to one another. Their language is extremely difficult, and with all my efforts, I could not succeed in pronouncing some words. Their cabins, which are long and wide, are made of bark; they sleep at the two extremities, which are raised

about two feet from the ground. They keep their corn in large baskets, made of cane, or in gourds, as large as half barrels. They do not know what a beaver is; their riches consist in the hides of wild cattle. They never see snow, and know the winter only by the rain which falls oftener than in summer. We eat no fruit there but watermelons. If they knew how to cultivate their ground, they might have plenty of all kinds.

In the evening the sachems held a secret council on the design of some to kill us for plunder, but the chief broke up all these schemes, and sending for us, danced the calumet in our presence, in the manner I have described above, as a mark of perfect assurance; and then, to remove all fears, presented it to me.

RETURNING HOME

M. Jollyinget and I held another council to deliberate on what we should do, whether we should push on, or rest satisfied with the discovery that we had made. After having attentively considered that we were not far from the gulf of Mexico, the basin of which is 31 degrees 40 minutes north, and we at 33 degrees 40 minutes, so that we could not be more than two or three days' journey off; that the Mississippi undoubtedly had its mouth in Florida or the Gulf of Mexico, and not on the east, in Virginia, whose seacoast is at 34 degrees north, which we had passed, without having as yet reached the sea, nor on the western side in California, because that would require a west, or west-southwest course, and we had always been going south. We considered, moreover, that we risked losing the fruit of this voyage, of which we could give no information, if we should throw ourselves into the hands of the Spaniards, who would undoubtedly, at least, hold us prisoners. Besides, it was clear, that we were not in a condition to resist the Indians allied to the European, numerous and expert in the use of fire-arms, who continually infested the lower part of the river. Lastly, we had gathered all the information that could be desired from the expedition. All these reasons induced us to resolve to return; this we announced to the Indians, and after a day's rest, prepared for it.

IN ILLINOIS—PEORIA AND KASKASKIA, NOW UTICA

After a month's navigation down the Mississippi, from the 42d to below the 34th degree, and after having published the gospel as well as I could to the nations I had met, we left the village of Akamsea on the 17th of July, to retrace our steps. We accordingly ascended the

Missisipi, which gave us great trouble to stem its current. We left it, indeed, about the 38th degree, to enter another river, which greatly shortened our way, and brought us, with little trouble, to the lake of the Illinois.

We had seen nothing like this river for the fertility of the land, its prairies, woods, wild cattle, stag, deer, wild-cats, bustards, swans, ducks, parrots, and even beaver; its many little lakes and rivers. That on which we sailed, is broad, deep, and gentle for sixty-five leagues. During the spring and part of the summer, the only portage is half a league.

We found there an Illinois town called Kaskaskia, composed of seventy-four cabins; they received us well, and compelled me to promise to return and instruct them. One of the chiefs of this tribe with his young men, escorted us to the Illinois lake, whence at last we returned in the close of September to the bay of the Fetid, whence we had set out in the beginning of June.

Had all this voyage caused but the salvation of a single soul, I should deem all my fatigue well repaid, and this I have reason to think, for, when I was returning, I passed by the Indians of Peoria. I was three days announcing the faith in all their cabins, after which as we were embarking, they brought me on the water's edge a dying child which I baptized a little before it expired, by an admirable Providence for the salvation of that innocent soul. (From Thwaite's *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. 59.)



THE MEMORIAL CROSS

Marking the passage of Father Marquette and Louis Jolliet down the Chicago River in August, 1673, and also the site of the cabin in which Father Marquette and his two companions dwelt during the winter of 1674-75. This cross is located at what is now the junction of Robey Street and the Drainage Canal, Chicago. (From a painting by Cameron, by courtesy of Charles W. Kallal, City Architect of Chicago.)

JAMES MARQUETTE, THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

As a part of the observance of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Marquette and Jolliet's voyage of discovery on the Mississippi in 1673, a pageant was arranged under the direction of Mr. Peter L. Menen of Burlington, Iowa. Under his direction a canoe, a supposed replica of that used by the first white voyagers, was constructed and Mr. Bruce E. Mahan, representing Father Marquette and Mr. C. W. Bond, representing Louis Jolliet on June 17th, 1923, paddled the craft from the Wisconsin River at Prairie du Chien into the Mississippi and thence down stream, following the route of the early explorers, but stopping at the various modern cities, where impromptu or set programs were rendered. The present-day voyagers reached Burlington, Iowa, on the 26th of June and there a formal welcome and set program in the way of a pageant was enacted, at the conclusion of which Rev. Christopher J. Kohne, S. J., delivered the following address:

Almost nineteen hundred years ago the crime of crimes was enacted in a far off land. A babe, whose birthplace was a manger, whose youth was spent in simple obedience to a foster-parent and a virgin Mother, whose manhood was wearied in toiling for others, whose one thought was of them and of His Father in heaven, whose great heart burned with love for men and yearned to bring them untold blessings, this Babe of Bethlehem, grown to Manhood, was rewarded by a deathbed harder than the crib of His birth, the infamous gibbet of the criminal's cross.

Almost two hundred and fifty years ago, a man scarce older than the rejected Savior, a man impelled by similar motives of love for his fellow-men, whose model and inspiration was Calvary's Christ, died on the shores of an inland sea, was buried in a sandy knoll, overlooking the farstretching lake and a cross, which was once a sign of shame, marked his last resting place.

But the Cross was no longer a sign of shame, but a sign most honorable, most revered, as once most hated and accursed. Sanctified by the Master's death, hallowed by the Savior's Blood, shed not for His own but His brethrens' sins, that Cross recalls the fearful price of our ransom from exile and slavery, and hence will always be the badge of sacrifice, the badge of God's love for men, the flag of God's companions, the standard of soldiers loyal to Him Who was

loyal to us. From every vantage point of earth it gleams, telling its story of loving sacrifice, teaching its silent lesson of self-denial, beckoning always to its followers, pointing the way the Master trod, marking the road that leads us home.

A cross marked the place of his burial, because it had been the inspiration of his life. It was love of the Cross that caused him, when scarce seventeen, to enroll his name in the Master's Bodyguard. It was the study of the Cross that occupied him in his twelve years of preparation for such a soldier's life. It was zeal for the Cross that tore him from friends and home and fatherland in fair Laon, and drove him, all eager for the fray, across the sea to far-off shores and frozen climes to tell the story of that Cross to savage tribes.

The Cross is the greatest conqueror the world has known. Has it not softened hearts as savage as any that beat in red-men's breasts and caused proud, self-indulgent paganism to fling down its gods, those grim, hateful, lustful demons that stood for all that is low and vile and animal in man? Did not the Cross plant love, humility and self-denial where hate and pride and self-indulgence had reigned supreme? Was it not the Cross that inspired the noblest deeds of men in the home, in government, in charity and even war? Was it not the Cross, worn on breast and carried before the mail-clad ranks, that set Europe's chivalry in motion toward Calvary's hill, sacred because drenched with the Master's Blood, which trickled down in countless streams from what had been a sign of shame, but was now worn in royal diadems, and became the battle-flag of civilization and Christendom? Stronger than armies is that Cross, for oft, when borne aloft by lonely soldier of that Christ, nations unconquerable by clash of steel, or crush of arms, or cannons' roar, bent their proud necks beneath its yoke, glad to be its vassals. Oh what deeds of heroism that Cross has inspired, not only on battlefield and on the arena's bloody sands, but in the silent struggles that ever go on in the hearts of men! What conquests over self it has won, what sacrifices it has caused!

On Quebec's crag we see it gleam, in wilderness that ne'er had echoed to white man's cry; it is the Black Robe's calumet, and, on sight of it, the wild storm of passion in the savage breast is quelled, as was the troubled sea of Genesareth at the Master's voice; and stoic lips part in prayer and eyes, that shone with vengeful hate, glisten with the furtive, unbidden tear. Only when men, who should be loyal, poisoned with greedy lust for gold, inspire the savage heart with hate of it, as high-priests did on Golgotha, does it fall from unnerved martyr's hands and is drenched with blood again. Yes,

but before the martyr's blood is dry, the fallen standard is clasped once more, and, raised on high, it conquers still.

So his brother soldiers fell, Brebeuf, Lallemant, Jogues, when, young and eager for the fray of God, Marquette stepped forth and bore that standard to unknown lands. A soldier? Yes! His sword the cross, his armor the grace of God, his cause God's glory, his aim, to spread Christ's Kingdom through those trackless wastes and teach the lesson of Calvary's Cross. Nobler motive no man ever had, greater good to man no one could do. To far Superior's frozen shores that motive led him, and when the seeds of love were sown and others came to sow still more, and reap, that burning zeal for God and love for souls impelled him ever onward to do and dare still more.

With bold Jolliet and five others, in frail canoes, he threads his way whither Indians said a mighty river plowed its course, vast and dangerous as a swirling sea, dashing lands of fertile beauty and tribes powerful and savage. Lust of gold and greed of power might lead Europe's nations to wrestle there in grim war, but earth's riches he sought not, souls dear to God and ransomed by the Blood of Christ, though ignorant of this deed of love divine, these were his quest.

Loyalty to principle, steadfastness in the performance of duty, these were his virtues and these are virtues true; and our land cries for them today as sun-scorched fields cry for the rain of heaven. And as each yellowing stalk, each limp leaf is a mute appeal for moisture, so from lips of children in divorce-wrecked homes, from honest laborer, from honest business-man, from far-seeing statesmen and educators comes that cry—loyalty to God, loyalty to His ten commands, practice His golden rule, or a drouth, that kills the very soul and dries up every noble inspiration in the heart of man, will lay its withering hand on this fair land until only the sharp thistles of clutching greed and its parasite, lust, can grow.

Yes, steadfast and loyal was he. No whispered dangers from astounded savage lips at his bold venture could stop him, no fatigue too great, no privations strong enough to slay the resolve in his noble breast. Was his cross more bitter than the Master's? Did he not see that Leader far in advance beckoning him onward? Did he not hear from afar the sigh of souls hungry for the Bread of Life? Souls for Christ, no cross is too heavy in such a quest. Lead, Master, and I will follow Thee whilst I have strength. Up the St. Francis, through reedy Winnebago Lake, through the marshy, hidden stretches of what is now the Fox, thence across marsh and sands and forest-land their burdens were carried, until the stream, to which he gave the name, the swift Wisconsin, lay before him.

Was this the river of Indian rumors? Its wooded shores were silent. Surely, somewhere on its beauteous banks a red man's village will tell him. On they swept o'er its swift current without signs of human life, when lo! At sunset, one June evening, they glided out upon a moving sea, and the Mississippi was discovered. Should they turn back and bring the tidings to France's anxious ruler at Quebec? The Cross was the answer—and the hunger for souls drew him onward. The river bore them on its broad bosom, past wooded bluffs and fertile plains, farther and farther from friends, to unknown dangers and unknown peoples. His annals tell us of his journey, of his reception by the red-man on these shores, of their joy at his message from Christ and from Mary, of his far descent past the turbid Missouri's roaring mouth to southern lands, and the arduous return.

From this journey of two thousand eight hundred miles Marquette never recovered. All next summer, weak and broken, he lay at the distant mission of St. Francis Xavier, dreaming ever, yearning always for those countless souls hungry for the word of God. Could he ever keep his promise to return and dwell among them? The summer waned—October came, winter was at hand. A slight respite from suffering, and Christ's soldier was up and doing. Snow and ice could not deter him, until, aided by his sickness, winter held him fast in a lonely, wind-swept hut, in what is now the mid-west's largest city. But Holy Week found him among his quest. Five hundred chieftains and their warriors, fifteen hundred strong, listened breathlessly to the wondrous tale of love, that came from lips thin and trembling with weakness, but poured forth from a heart full of pent-up love for God and man.

His work was done. The weary soldier had fought his fight. Carry him home, ye faithful two, companions of his labors. Carry him home, hundreds of miles away; home to receive a brother soldier's parting blessing; home to tell those fellow soldiers of a peoples' yearning for Christ and heaven. Yes, James Marquette, you shall go home. Not to the rude hut and log chapel your toil-worn hands aided in building, but to the home prepared for you by the Master you served so well. On a lonely sand dune, pointed out by you, near the river that bears your name, there for a while your weary bones shall rest. We see you still, O noble man, gazing with glazing eyes o'er Michigan's mighty flood toward these distant hills and the river gliding below. We see the hunger and yearning in your eyes. Yes, watch in your waning hour the flickering flame of faith your

dying breath has kindled. Peaceful be your rest, for others, inspired by your example, will come to fan it into a roaring fire.

The Cross was his banner, his life was another cross, and on the Cross he gazed with dying eyes. Then raising his eyes above the Crucifix, his gaze fixed in intense rapture, he smiles,—and a true soldier died. Why that rapture, gentle courageous soul? Was it the Master calling thee from the Calvary you had climbed for him? Did He show you the vision of the future at that final hour?—cities fair, where forests stood, and empty plains,—temples cross-crowned, like those of home in Laon of far-off France—priests and nuns and faithful, throning the sacred fanes and hymns soaring aloft, where in that early dawn the only sound was nature's cry and the wierd chant of plumed brave? Was it tonight you saw, and yesterday, and tomorrow, when all along the mighty stream, which your eyes discovered in its silent grandeur, your name rings out o'er the rolling flood, as grateful admiring posterity with one voice cries—"James Marquette, Benefactor, Explorer, Soldier of Christ, Lover of Men, True Knight of the Cross!"

He died, but his work lives. He pointed the way, others followed. He planted the seed, others sowed still more and reaped. He lived in the early dawn, we in the noon-day. His memory inspired and his presence has blessed the shores on which he landed. And why? Because of the glorious example he has set. Because he sacrificed all, even life itself, to the duties of his calling; because he obeyed the voice of conscience rather than that of self-interest; because his life was modeled on the life of mankind's greatest Teacher and Lover, Jesus Christ.

A notable procession, two years after Marquette's death, with savage stateliness and reverence carried the bones of their loved Black Robe many stormy miles over the wind-swept lake to lay them in the midst of those for whom he toiled and suffered and prayed, in far-off Mackinac.

How oft have greed and selfishness undone the work of God! How oft the trader's greed for gold robs such heroes as Marquette of years of hard-won gain for God and man! How oft have savages learned the vices of hell from men, who claimed civilization as their blessing and Christianity as their Creed,—but whose true religion was gold and self! And this hard, senseless god of gold has turned reasoning men into ravenous beasts of vice and blood more blameworthy and lower than Moloch's servers of old. How oft have men, in their passion for gold, caused war to raise its crested head and poured into that rapacious maw far more than all the gold of earth

can buy? What bleaching bones, what ruined empires dot the face of earth to teach mankind the greed, the lust, the murderous hate of gold, that swallows its followers and leaves such festering scars and wounds to grieve and pain posterity! What families torn by fratricidal strife glare at us from History's page and the daily press, because of this greedy service of hard-hearted gold! And yet today, man's success and his worth to his fellow men is often measured by the weight and size and number of the golden ikons of his golden god that lie in his grasping, greedy palm or in his guarded coffers. If this be so, why are we here today to honor him whose only riches were breviary, a battered cross and a tattered robe of black? Ah, but in that emaciated, gaunt frame there beat a heart that poured upon his fellow-man a golden flood of love, drawn in turn from that Heart of hearts that burst with love for men.

The teaching of Christ is not "with gold you shall purchase eternal life," but with the Cross, with sacrifice, with good done to men. "Take up thy cross and follow me." "Amen, Amen I say unto you, when you did it to the least of these my brethren, you did it to Me." Thus is lasting success and peace achieved. Self-sacrifice, forgetfulness of self, love of God and man have built this empire whose noon-day we enjoy. Marquette came in the dim light of breaking dawn. Imbued with a spirit, a daring, a love of sacrifice akin to his, the pioneers came in the full light of morning and built what you and I enjoy. Will the evening be as pleasant and as fair? It will if you and others look back at those whose time is passed, who sowed where now you reap; if you look back at him, who, two hundred and fifty years ago, from out in yonder river, scanned these hills in quest of souls to give them all that God had given him, and lead them all to God Himself; a noble man, with soul uplifted to his Master, with mind fixed on duty, with heart beating for his fellow man, seeking not gold but heaven and, therefore, serving no fleeting thing of dust, but a God omnipotent, loving, generous, wise, etrnal.

Are our souls lifted up to God, or crave they only the things of earth? Are we tending the flame Marquette has lit, or by narrow love of self and meanness toward our fellowmen quenching its holy light? Let Capital and Labor both pay heed. Let husbands and wives ask themselves that question. Let sons and daughters compare their ideals with his, whose glory we acclaim. Sacrifice is the cornerstone of patriotism, of loyalty to God, and country, of observance of law and order, of family happiness. Take it away and you suffer, the family suffers, and, therefore, the State suffers, and God's King-

dom loses and Christ's blood is shed in vain, and ruin lurks in the background with eager eyes and muscles taut for the final, crushing leap.

A noble man with mind fixed on duty was James Marquette. Duty is a sacred word. It should be the motive of all our actions, duty to God and man. Duty begets justice and justice peace and order, and without peace and order there is no true happiness. Today duty is a word oft forgotten, oft misused. Independence is on every lip, independence of law, if it thwarts self, independence of every curb placed by nature or man or God. Such was not the independence our forefathers dreamed of, such was not their concept of liberty. Liberty is the right to do whatever the law permits because without law there can be no liberty. Without law each man becomes a law unto himself, to do, or leave undone, whatever selfish self dictates. And so we have as many states as men, and our boasted Constitution is no more, the ties of union are severed, "a kingdom divided against itself shall fall."

Each cup of pleasure on this earth of ours has its tear of sorrow, each crown its pricking thorn, each joy its cross. If we bear our sorrow with joy, our thorn without complaint, our cross with a smile, for love of Him, Who carried a whole crown of thorns for us, and a whole world's sorrow and a whole world's Cross, and if we help our neighbor carry his burden, as Christ carried ours, then have we learned a lesson of love, of duty, of sacrifice, from that noble man, that true knight of the Cross, James Marquette. And the blessing which he invoked upon the red-men of these parts will likewise descend on us:

"Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary."

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Marquette's Successors. A very remarkable book was published in Chicago this year which is, in a sense, a memorial of Father Marquette and will take its place as a very important contribution to the literature of the Marquette anniversaries. The book is entitled **Holy Family Parish, Priests and People**, and details the record of the Jesuit foundation in Chicago, dating from 1857. In a Prologue the Marquette story is briefly but clearly told. It is pointed out that Father Marquette's cabin residence in 1674-5 was within the original boundaries of Holy Family Parish and that his was the first church in the parish and he was the first pastor. The founder of the parish, the renowned Father Arnold Damen, S.J., and all his co-laborers were the sons of the same Order as Marquette, and took up the labors he laid down in this region. The book is not only a notable souvenir and memorial of Marquette and a valuable contribution to general history but at the same time the most remarkable survey of parish work ever published.

An Unusual Number. Readers will be surprised somewhat, no doubt by the form of this number of the **Illinois Catholic Historical Review**. It differs radically from former issues in that it is devoted exclusively to Marquette and Jolliet and their lives and labors. The reason for this lies of course in the appropriateness of such a publication to mark the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the most important journey of these two devoted men to this region. It is the anniversary of the beginning of history in this great and important part of the world. These two men above all others who ever saw the Mississippi, the Illinois, the site of Chicago, deserve first place in our memory, in our history and in our esteem, public and private. This work is issued with the hope of helping to gain all that for them. It will provide, besides, a concrete presentation of numerous facts, which, by reason of the virtual inaccessibility of authentic source material, have in the minds of many rested upon vague and distorted references. There is less of our own work in this than in any previous issue of the **Review**, but since we found the story so well told by others who cannot be accused of bias as we might be we preferred to use their productions. In passing it should be noted that while the present year, 1923 has been interesting as marking the 250th anniversary of Marquette's first visit, the two coming years are at least equally notable anniversaries. The year 1924 will mark the 250th anniversary of Marquette's residence as the first white man in the Mississippi Valley and especially in what is now Chicago, and the year 1925 will be the 250th anniversary of the Church in mid-America. While as appears in this publication something, not nearly enough, has been done to mark this year, much more should be done in 1924 and 1925. The people of Illinois should refuse to be satisfied with anything less than a permanent memorial of Marquette and the residents of Chicago should demand due honor to its first resident, while the Church, all denominations should celebrate universally the establishment of christianity in this vast domain.

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